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SCRAP BOOK RECITATIONS

No. 11.



BY HENRY M. ~~SOPER~~

President of Soper School of Oratory

CHICAGO.

Supplement of Original Recitations

BY WM. H. HEAD.

MADE IN U. S. A.

CHICAGO

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

INTRODUCTION.

In presenting No. 11 of this series to the public we feel doubly assured of its merits as a practical reciter and entertainer.

One reason for this lies in the fact that several of the most choice selections have been tested by our pupils before public audiences, and not found wanting in the essential requisites for successful recitation.

Again, nearly one-half of this book is original matter, written by specialists in this line. The original recitations by Mr. Wm. H. Head have been recited by the author before most critical audiences and have elicited great applause. In these days of hackneyed old time recitations that so often pain the eye by their mere titles, even before they are rendered, we can but feel that this feature of originality will, of itself, make this little book a favorite with both entertainers and audiences.

Chicago, June 1, 1895. ^{Reference} Henry M. Soper.

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SCRAP-BOOK REGITATIONS.

THE MASTER CHARACTER OF VICTOR HUGO.

J. C. SELLERS, JR.

NOTE.—Mr Sellers received highest mark on delivery of this oration in Iowa State College contest, and also Gold Medal in a second contest same evening. He was drilled at Soper School of Oratory by the editor of this collection.

Undeveloped man is the embodiment of possibilities. No writer has pictured so vividly the influence of environment in moulding character, no one has portrayed so clearly the power of Christian sympathy and confidence in struggling humanity, as has Victor Hugo. Searching the records of history or the pages of literature, we can find few characters so grand, so loyal to the right, so free from selfishness, as the master character of this great novelist.

And yet this man was developed from a being apparently incapable of a righteous thought. He had reached the very lowest depth of degradation. The ignominy of the galleys was heaped upon his head. His mind was filled with a desire for revenge, his soul with a hatred so intense as to absorb his every thought. He is a criminal, an outcast—"a very dangerous character!"

But is this man forever lost? Can that divine spark, implanted in the breast of every child of God, be utterly extinguished? Can that soul, created pure and sinless, be hopelessly corrupted, while the man lives on? We look back to the night when a sympathetic hand was laid on the shoulder of that despondent and forsaken drunkard in the New York park, and John B. Gough answers, No! Again, we see a beautiful girl kneeling before a sullen and hardened criminal in his cell, and Jerry McCauly answers, No! A man may have become almost a demon; he may have resolved upon immortal hate and study of revenge;"

but let him once feel the life-giving touch of sympathy and love, and the seed, long dormant, will spring up and bring forth its harvest in the field of life.

Driven from every human abode, Jean Valjean is surprised to be received as a friend at the table of Monsigneur Bienvenu, the Bishop, who is the personification of simplicity, truth and love. This man treats him with a sympathy which cannot be expressed by words—a sympathy that is borne by thought from mind to mind, by desire from heart to heart, by love from soul to soul.

But even after meeting with such sympathy his evil spirit again asserts itself. He steals the silver plate and escapes. Apprehended for his crime, he is brought back. But the kind Bishop asks, "Why did you not take the candlesticks? They are yours also." Jean Valjean stands transfixed. After saving him from the galleys the Bishop speaks these simple words: "Remember, my brother, that you have promised me to become an honest man. It is your soul I am buying. I withdraw it from evil thoughts and from the spirit of perdition. I give it to God." Over and over again these words seem to be repeated in his ears, but it is not the words that move him. It is the mighty influence stirring the undisturbed depths of his very soul—"depths that go to the lowest hell, as there are heights that reach to the highest heaven." From those chaotic caverns issue the legions of evil, led by Hatred and Revenge.

As on the empyreal plains of Heaven, pictured by Milton, the princes, potentates and warriors of the Almighty overpower the rebel hosts of Satan; so, in the soul of this man, the good overcomes the evil. He had been a terrible evil doer; he now becomes a power for good. His ruling passion had been hatred; his every impulse now is love. He thought the world had nothing for him but curses and blows; his pessimistic ideas now vanish as a mist before the rising sun. He buries the name and being of Jean Valjean. He lives to bless mankind. Fortune smiles upon him only to increase his benevolence. Blessings are showered upon him only to increase his love.

During that awful struggle two courses lay before him. "He must either sink lower than Jean Valjean, the convict, or rise higher than Monsigneur Bienvenu, the Bishop." Surrounded by the monuments of his own industry, mayor of the town whose reputation he had established, he had unconsciously reached a moral altitude higher than that of the Bishop. But to remain stationary even here is to die. No man can become so prominent that there are no steps higher. A true life is like a geometrical progression, always advancing, ascending, but never reaching its limit, the Ideal Man.

Amidst an increasing happiness comes the report, years after, that a man has been arrested for some petty theft. His offense is trivial, and the punishment would ordinarily be light. But the evildoer is thought to be Jean Valjean, and to a relapsed convict the offense means the galleys for life. But how does that concern the real Jean Valjean? Has he not buried that name and being? Will not this make the grave the deeper? What right has he to interfere with Providence? His proper course is plain, he accepts it. In order to destroy the only remaining trace of his former self, he starts to the fireplace to melt the candlesticks; "when it seemed to him," says Victor Hugo, "as if he heard a voice from within, saying, 'Yes, that is it; complete what you have begun; destroy those candlesticks! Annihilate this memorial! Forget the Bishop! Forget all! Ruin this Champmathieu. Yes. Very well; applaud yourself! Behold a man, a graybeard, who knows not of what he is accused; an innocent man whose only misfortune is caused by your name; upon whom your name weighs like a crime; who will be taken instead of you; will be condemned, will end his days in horror and abjection. And all the time, while you are here in light and joy, there shall be a man wearing your red blouse, bearing your name in ignominy, dragging your chain in the galleys. Jean Valjean! there shall be a great many voices which will speak very loud and which will bless you; and one only, which nobody will hear, that shall curse you in the darkness. Well, listen, wretch! All these

blessings will fall before they reach heaven; only the curse will mount into the presence of God.'” The voice had conquered. Conscience reigned supreme in that soul.

He goes into the court where the man is being tried, announces that he himself is Jean Valjean, and takes his place in the galleys. Again he is swallowed up in the oblivion of shame. When first he became an actor in the scenes of life, his soul had never received a spark of love; his body had known nothing but arduous toil. For a trivial offense he was condemned to the galleys. He was held in its clutches for nineteen years. He was liberated. He experienced the wretched freedom that is given by a yellow passport. He was saved by the Bishop. He grew to realize the full meaning of life. Again he was plunged into that pit of infamy and despair. He escaped. He rose above all obstacles. He adopted an innocent babe. He saw her grow into beautiful womanhood. Then follow him into the French revolution. Behold him standing there behind the barricades. Before him lying on the blood-stained pavement is a wounded man. The soldiers are closing in. Can he save him? Will he save him? This man? He knows him! See! he hesitates. Ah, but he has decided. He picks him up, drops with him into the sewer, and with his giant strength carries him through mire and sink-holes to its outlet. He knew that by saving this young man's life he was raising the only barrier that could possibly exist between himself and his Cosette, whom he had reared from infancy—the only one whom he had ever loved, the only one who had ever loved him. Yet he had such a knowledge of right, such a regard for duty, such a strength of character, that he fulfilled the demands of his conscience.

Thus in the soul of Jean Valjean the principles of right ever prevailed; so it is in the souls of great men the world over. Victor Hugo has completed his mission on earth and gone to his eternal home. Civilization has continued her triumphal march amid splendor, magnificence and glory; but as long as there are human beings bound to her chariot wheels by the shackles of poverty, vice and crime,

so long will the awakened possibilities of Jean Valjean exemplify the latent powers of the human soul, however dwarfed, that only await the proper influences to be transformed from hatred and revenge into sympathy and love.

NO KISS.

"Kiss me, Will," sang Marguerite,
To a pretty little tune,
Holding up her dainty mouth
Sweet as roses born in June.
Will was ten years old that day
And he pulled her golden curls
Teasingly, and answer made:—
"I'm too old, I don't kiss girls."

Ten years pass, and Marguerite
Smiles as Will kneels at her feet;
Gazing fondly in her eyes,
Praying, "Won't you kiss me, Sweet?"
Marguerite is seventeen to-day;
With her birthday ring she toys
For a moment, then replies:
"I'm too old—I don't kiss boys."

THE MISER FITLY PUNISHED.—OSBORNE.

RECITED BY MARTIN C. KOEBEL, PUBLIC READER.

In the year 1762 a miser by the name of Foscue, in France, having amassed enormous wealth, was requested by the government to advance a sum of money as a loan. The miser demurred, pretending that he was poor. To hide his gold he dug a deep cave in his cellar, the descent to which was by a ladder.

He entered this cave one day to gloat over his gold

when the trap door fell and the spring lock snapped, holding him a prisoner.

Some months afterward a search was made and his body was found in the midst of money bags with a candlestick lying beside it on the floor. This poem supposes the miser to have just entered his cave and to be soliloquizing.

So, so! all safe! Come forth, my pretty sparklers,
Come forth and feast my eyes. Be not afraid!
No keen-eyed agent of the government
Can see you here. They wanted me, forsooth,
To lend you, at the lawful rate of usance,
For the state's needs. Ha, ha! my shining pets,
My yellow darlings, my sweet golden circlets!
Too well I loved you to do that, and so
I pleaded poverty and none could prove
My story was not true. Ha! could they see
These bags of ducats and that precious pile
Of ingots and those bars of solid gold,
Their eyes, me thinks, would water. What a comfort
Is it to see my moneys in a heap
All safely lodged under my very roof.
Here's a fat bag—let me untie the mouth of it.
What eloquence! What beauty! What expression!
Could Cicero so plead? Could Helen look
One-half so charming—Ah! what sound was that?
The trap door fallen and the spring lock caught.
Well, have I not the key? Of course I have;
'Tis in this pocket. No. In this? No. Then
I left it at the bottom of the ladder.
Ha! 'tis not there. Where then? Ah! mercy. Heaven!
'Tis in the lock outside. What's to be done?
Help, Help! Will no one hear? Oh! would that I
Had not discharged old Simon, but he begged
Each week for wages, would not give me credit.
I'll try my strength upon the door. Despair!
I might as soon uproot the eternal rocks
As force it open. Am I here a prisoner,
And no one in the house? No one at hand,

Or likely soon to be, to hear my cries?
Am I entombed alive? Horrible fate!
I sink—I faint beneath the bare conception.

(Awakes.) Darkness! Where am I? I remember now,
This is a bag of ducats—'tis no dream—
No dream! The trap-door fell, and here am I
Immured with my dear gold—my candle out—
All gloom, all silence, all despair! What, ho!
Friends! friends! I have no friends. What right have I
To use the name? These money-bags have been
The only friends I've cared for; and for these
I've toiled, and pinched, and screwed, shutting my heart
To charity, humanity and love!
Detested traitors! since I gave you all—
Ay, gave my very soul—can ye do naught
For me in this extremity? Ho! Without there!
A thousand ducats for a loaf of bread!
Ten thousand ducats for a glass of water!
A pile of ingots for a helping hand!
Was that a laugh? Ay, 'twas a fiend that laughed
To see a miser in the grip of death.
Offended Heaven! have mercy! I will give
In alms all this vile rubbish, aid me thou
In this most dreadful strait! I'll build a church—
A hospital! Vain! vain! Too late, too late!
Heaven knows the miser's heart too well to trust him!
Heaven will not hear! Why should it? What have I
Done to enlist Heaven's favor, to help on
Heaven's cause on earth, in human hearts and homes?
Nothing! God's kingdom will not come the sooner
For any work or any prayer of mine.
But must I die here—in my own trap caught?
Die—Die?—and then! Oh! mercy! grant me a little time—
Thou who canst save, grant me a little time,
And I'll redeem the past, undo the evil
That I have done; make thousands happy with
This hoarded treasure; do thy will on earth
As it is done in heaven—grant me but time!
Nor man nor God will heed my shrieks! All's lost!

NAUGHTY ZELL.

[By permission of Werner's Magazine.]

Say, 'tother day Kip Elbert, that's my beau, was goin' to go out fishin' on Soap Crick an' he said I might go 'long if I would keep awful still an' not scare the fishes away. So we got up dis as early. Kip thinks everything of me, so he does, an' he let me dig all the fish-worms for the bait while he was a-gittin' th' other things ready. Its lots of fun diggin' fish-worms. I got mamma's milk pail half full of 'em, and then I heard the ole milk man a-ringin', an I just had to run like ever'thing, an' put the pail back quick, 'cause he might call Bridget for a pan, an' then she wouldn't let us go fishin'. Bridget's awful mean. T'other day she up and slapped me just 'cause I put a little toad in my gramma's bed to see if she wouldn't scream like ever'thing when she saw it, 'cause I node it wouldn't bite her all the time, so I did. But the man poured the milk in all right, so I breathed easy agin. I was glad Kip an' me was goin' to have our breakfus out in the woods, 'cause I don't guess I'd like fish-worms so awful well. But I had to dig a lot more worms, though, 'fore we went.

The first thing, we had our breakfus, 'cause we's awful hungry. Then I put the bait on the hook, 'an Kip fished. We dranked out of Kip's shoe; it didn't have but a weenty teenty little hole in the toe, 'cause I had to leave the pail at home. Kip was awful cross, though. He wouldn't let me speak or whisper for over an hour. I guess it was mor'n two hours. I just had to keep bitin' my tong atween my teeth; I wanted to know so bad why he didn't catch any. I was kind o' glad a snake runned over my foot, so I had to scream, an' he said there was no use tryin' where girls was. I guess Kip had a nice time. But I don't think I care 'bout fishin' much; it's so much like Sunday-school.

My mother says when I'm naughty to tell Satan to get behind me, an' I did tell him an' he went an' pushed me into the crick. I don't think I'll tell him that no more, 'cause I had on my bestest apron and stockins, an' when I got

home, why they was a lot o' company there an' mamma's face got awful red an' ever'body didn't say nothin' for a long time. An' then pretty soon I heard a cranky ole man say:

"Ahem! She's a perfect little torment. She needs a rawhide to guide her for a few years." I says—"O—ho, ole man, was that you speakin'? Huh? Don't you get too smart around here or we'll fire you out bodily. Why, you ole crank, you, who do you think you're talkin' to, anyhow, huh?"

You bet I scart him pretty bad. He never said another word 'bout me, you bet you. I don't care; he's dead now I'm so glad. (Laughs.) Say, why my mamma made me go up stairs 'thout my dinner; don't you think she did? I don't care; she'll be sorry some day, so she will, 'cause some day I'll die, an' then she'll wish she was betterer to me, when I jus' takin' my own part, so she will—she will too. (Pouting.) I never stayed up-stairs, neither. I run off to Nettie Bell's house an' when I cum back the company wasn't gone, yet, so I says: "Mamma says city folks is allus comin' here three times to her onct, an' allus stayin' all night, an' then the boys has to sleep in the barn." Then ever'body looked funny, an' Mrs. Hull says: "William, children an' fools speaks the truf. We'll go at once." I jus' says: "Well, nobody wants you here," an' then mamma cried an' papa laffed, an' big brother Fred got a big stick. But he didn't catch me, 'cause I run awful fast, when I'm goin' to get a whippin'. I had to go out an' hide by a rose bush in the yard for a long time 'till they forgot, close to the hammock. That's where Mary an' Mr. Slicer does their sparkin' an' they don't 'low us children 'round there neither; don't you think they don't, an' I node that I had either to crawl under the rose bush or to skip out, an' which do you think I done? I bet you can guess. I crawled under the bush so I could be takin' notes, 'cause Kip thinks ever'thing of me, so he does, an' if ever we get big (pause) an' then if ever'd we want to spark any, why if Kip didn't know how, I would. (Plays with handkerchief.) But I couldn't hardly find out

nothin' 'bout it, though. Couldn't hear what they was a-sayin', 'cause they never said nothin' for a long time. They never said nothin', an' then they'd jus' be talkin' away as low, an' then they wouldn't say nothin' ag'in; an' then pretty soon they'd be jus' as still for a long time, an' then be a-talkin' away an' jus' a-talkin' jus' as low. An' then ole Slicer says: "O, my precious darlin'. I never couldn't love nobody in the wide, wide worl' but you," an' then he gave her a great big kiss an' she never said "quit that," nor nuthin'. I jus' jumped out an' says:

"O, what a great big lie 'cause you got another girl down on Soap Crick. I saw you takin' her for a buggy ride, too." An' he says: "You little rattlesnake, where do you expect to go for tellin' such big lies, what ain't so?" An' I says: "I don't 'spect to go nowhere where you go, ole smarty; ole smarty; ole smarty. I jus' hate ever' boy in the worl' but my pa an' Kip Elbert; that's all the boys too, so it is.

Say, I know somethin', I ain't goin' to tell, neither. somethin' good 'bout somebody, an' I ain't goin' to tell who it's 'bout; I'm jus' goin' to tell what somebody said, an' 'who it was that said it don't never tell lies. But 'twasn't so, though. I was jus' walkin' along, an' I jus' got to thinkin'; well, I don't believe I've got such very good sense; was thinkin' that, as I heard somebody talkin' 'bout me. I node if I didn't go back an' hear what they said I wouldn't never know. So I went back an' somebody wot knows pretty well says, "There goes the prettiest and smartest little girl in this whole town; why, she's jus' a regular dandy" (hide face) an' they meant me. I don't think that's so; jus' 'cause my pa's so rich ain't no sign I'm smart. Why, my pa's got ever so much money. He could jus' throw it away if he wanted to, but he don't want to.

This is 'bout the worst dress I got. 'Tain't the very worstest. I 'spect it's 'bout the best dress I got though. But I can have better'n this if I want 'em. I don't want no better though, 'cause I got sense 'nuff not to want things I can't get. I guess folks thinks 'cause my mother

allus fixes me up so nice that they can get Kip an' me to speak ever' place. I don't never want to speak 'cause I'm 'fraid they don't like to hear me all the time. T'other day, when it was Kip's birf-day, he had a great big party to his house, an' they got him to speak first, 'cause I guess they wanted to save the best for the last. An' pretty soon they never called on me for so long; I guess they thought I didn't want to speak it, an' I didn't. But I node they wanted to hear me so bad, so pretty soon I got up an' says: "I guess I'll speak my piece for you now," an' I spoke it. I guess they thought I spoke it awful good. I never heard nobody say they did, but I guess they did, though. I'm goin' to speak jus' a little wee teenty bit of it an' let you see how I spoke to Kip's party on t'other day. I ain't goin' to speak all of it 'cause I know nobody don't want to hear all of it. (Stare around, bow, with confused look.) "Well, I know it but I can't hardly think of it. (Bow again.) Now I know it."

(Radiant face, pitch voice high.)

Billy Bump can hop and jump,
 An' carry water from the pump
 He saw a chicken on the stump
 An' hit it with a dreadful thump,
 O, Billy Bump, you naughty lad,
 You make your mother very sad,
 By doin' things so awful bad.

"That's all of it." (Exit slowly, smile bashfully.)

THE NIGHT-WATCH.

[From the French by Francois Coppee.]

Soon as her lover to the war had gone,
 Without tears or commonplace despair,
 Irene de Grandfief, a maiden pure
 And noble-minded, reassumed the garb
 That at the convent she had worn—black dress

With narrow pelerine—and the small cross
In silver at her breast. Her piano closed,
Her jewels put away—all save one ring,
Gift of the Viscount Roger on that eve
In the past spring-time when with tremulous joy
She had pledged her life—in quiet corner—mindless
Of what was done, unheeding what was said,
Pale, stoical, she waited.

When he learned
Our first defeat, the Viscount, as a man
Smitten when joyous at high festival,
Groaned; but his action gallant was and prompt.
Bidding farewell, and from Irene's brow
Culling one silken tress, that he might wear it
In gold medallion close upon his heart,
Without delay or hindrance, in the ranks
He took a private's place. What that war was
Too well is known.

Impassible, and speaking
Seldom as might be of her absent lover,
Irene daily, at a certain hour,
Watched at her window till the postman came
Down o'er the hill along the public road,
His mail-bag at his back. If he passed by,
Nor any letter left, she turned away,
Stifling a long-drawn sigh; and that was all.

But Roger wrote; nor were Irene's fears,
Up to mid-August, unendurable.
He with the army was in fact at Metz
Blocked in. Then gathering from a fugitive
Who had fled thence that Roger had survived
The earlier battles, she in sight of all
Held back her rebel tears, and bravely strove
To live debarred of tidings. She became
More pious, passing many an hour at church.
Often she visited the village poor,
Freest of converse, liberal most, in homes
Whence by the war the sons had been withdrawn.

Then came the siege of Paris—hideous time!
Spreading through France as gangrene spreads, invasion
Drew near Irene's chateau. Uhlans foraged
The country round. But all in vain the priest
And the old doctor, in their evening talk
Grouped with the family around the hearth,
Death for their constant theme before her took.
No sad forboding could that young heart know.
Roger at Metz was with his regiment safe,
At the last date unwounded. He was living;
He must be living; she was sure of that.
Thus by her faith in faithless love sustained,
Counting her beads, she waited, waited on.

Wakening, one morning, with a start, she heard
In the far copses of the park shots fired
In quick succession. 'Twas the enemy!
She would be brave as Roger. So she blushed
At her own momentary fear; then, calm
As though the incident a trifle were,
Her toilet made; and having duly said
Her daily prayer, not leaving out one Ave,
Down to the drawing room as usual went,
A smile upon her lips.

It had indeed
Been a mere skirmish—that, and nothing more.
Thrown out as scouts, a few Bavarian soldiers
Had been abruptly by our Franc-Tireurs
Surprised and driven off. The distant glades
Resumed their wonted silence.

"'Twould be well,"
Remarked Irene, "that an ambulance
Were posted here."

In fact they had picked up
Just at that moment, where the fight had been,
A wounded officer—Bavarian was he—
Shot through the neck. And, when they brought him in,
That tall young man, all pale, eyes closed, and bleeding,
Stretched on a mattress, without sigh or shudder
Irene had him carefully borne up

Into the room by Roger occupied
When he came wooing there. Then while they put
The wounded man to bed, she carried out
Herself his vest and cloak all black with blood;
Bade the old valet wear an air less glum,
And stir himself with more alacrity;
And, when the doctor dressed the wound, lent aid,
As of the Sisterhood of Charity,
With her own hands. The officer at last,
Wonder and gratitude upon his face,
Sank down among the pillows deftly laid.
Then, by that drowsy head she took a seat,
Asked for what linen rags might be at hand,
And wrought them into lint. Irene thus
Interpreted her duty.

Evening came,
Bringing the doctor. When he saw his patient,
A strange expression flitted o'er his face,
As to himself he muttered: "Yes; flushed cheek;
Pulse beating much too high. Phew! a bad night;
Fever, delirium, and the rest that follows!"—
"But will he die?" with tremor on her lip
Irene asked

"Who knows? If possible,
I must arrest the fever. This prescription
Often succeeds. But some one must take note
Of the oncoming fits; must watch till morn,
And tend him closely."

"Doctor, I am here."
"Not you, young lady! Service such as this
One of you valets can——"

"No, doctor, no!
Roger perchance may be a prisoner yonder,
Hurt, ill. If he such tending should require
As does this officer, I would he had
A German woman for his nurse."

"So be it,"
Answered the doctor, offering her his hand.
"You will keep watch, then, through the night.
The fever

Must not take hold, or he will straightway die.
 Give him the potion four times every hour.
 I will return to judge of its effects
 At daylight." Then he went his way, and left
 Irene to her office self-imposed.

Scarcely a minute had she been in charge,
 When the Bavarian, to Irene turning,
 With eye half opened looked at her and spoke.
 "This doctor," said he, "thought I was asleep;
 But I heard every word. I thank you, lady;
 I thank you from my very inmost heart—
 Less for myself than for her sake, to whom
 You would restore me, and who there at home
 Awaits me."

"Hush!" she said. "Sleep if you can.
 Do not excite yourself. Your life depends
 On perfect quiet."

"No," he answered—"no!
 I must at once unload me of a secret
 That weighs upon me. I a promise made;
 And I would keep it. Death may be at hand."

"Speak, then," Irene said, "and ease your soul."
 "The war . . . oh, what an infamy is war!
 It was last month, by Metz; 'twas my ill fate
 To kill a Frenchman."

She turned pale, and lowered
 The lamp-light to conceal it. He continued:

"We were sent forward to surprise a cottage
 Strengthened by some of yours. We did
 As hunters do when stalking game. The night
 Was clouded. Silent, arms in hand, in force,
 Along the poplar-boarded path we crept
 Up to the French post. I, first, drove my sabre
 Into the soldier's back who sentry stood
 Before the door. He fell; nor gave the alarm.
 We took the cottage, putting to the sword
 Every soul there."

Irene with her hands
Covered her eyes. "Disgusted with such carnage,
Loathing such scene, I stepped into the air,
Just then the moon broke through the clouds and showed
me

There at my feet a soldier on the ground
Writhing, the rattle in his throat. 'Twas he,
The sentry whom my sabre had transpierced.
Touched with compassion sudden and supreme,
I stooped, to offer him a helping hand;
But, with choked voice, 'It is too late,' he said.
'I must needs die. . . . You are an officer—
A gentleman, perchance.' 'Yes; tell me, quick;
What can I do for you?' 'Promise—only promise
To forward this,' he said, his fingers clutching
A gold medallion hanging at his breast
Dabbled in blood, 'to—' Then his latest thought
Passed with his latest breath. The loved one's name,
Mistress or bride affianced, was not told
By that poor Frenchman. Seeing blazoned arms
On the medallion, I took charge of it,
Hoping to trace her at some future day
Among the old nobility of France,
To whom reverts the dying soldier's gift.
Here it is. Take it. But, I pray you, swear
That, if death spares me not, you will fulfill
This pious duty in my place."

Therewith

He the medallion handed her; and on it
Irene saw the Viscount's blazoned arms.
Then—her heart agonized with mortal woe—
"I swear it, sir!" she murmured. "Sleep in peace!"

Solaced by having this disclosure made,
The wounded man sank down in sleep. Irene,
Her bosom heaving, and with eyes aflame
Though tearless all, stood rooted by his side.
Yes, he is dead, her lover! Those his arms;
His blazon that, no less renowned than ancient;

The very blood-stains his! Nor was his death
Heroic, soldier-like. Struck from behind,
Without cry or call for comrades' help,
Roger was murdered. And there, sleeping, lies
The man who murdered him! Yes; he has boasted
How in the back the traitorous blow was dealt.
And now he sleeps with drowsiness oppressed,
Roger's assassin; and 'twas she, Irene,
Who bade him sleep in peace! And then, again,
With what cruel mockery, cruel and supreme—
She from his brow must wipe away the sweat!
She by this couch must watch till dawn of day,
As loving mother by a suffering child!
She must at briefest intervals to him
Administer the remedy prescribed,
So that he die not! And the man himself
Counting on this in quiet, sheltered, housed
Under the roof of hospitality!
And there the flask upon the table stands
Charged with his life. He waits it! Is not this
Beyond imagination horrible?

What! while she feels creeping and growing on her
All that is awful in the one word "Hate!"
While in her breast the ominous anger seethes
That nerved, in Holy Scripture, Jael's arm
To drive the nail through Sisera's head!—she save
The accursed German! Oh, away! such point
Forbearance reaches not. What!—while it glitters
There in the corner, the brass-pommeled sword
Wherewith the murderer struck, and fell desire,
Fierce impulse, bids it from the scabbard leap—
Shall she, in deference to vague prejudice,
To some fantastic notion that effects
Human respect and duty, shall she put
Repose and sleep and antidote and life
Into the horrible hand by which all joy
Is ravished from her? Never! She will break
The assuaging flask.... But no! 'Twere needless that
She needs but leave Fate to work out its end.

Fate, to avenge her, seems to be at one
With her resolve. 'Twere but to let him die!
Yes; there the life-preserving potion stands;
But for one hour might she not fall asleep?

Then, all in tears, she murmured, "Infamy!"

And still the struggle lasted, till the German,
Roused by her deep groans from his wandering dreams,
Moved, ill at ease, and, feverish, begged for drink.

Up toward the antique Christ in ivory
At the bed's head suspended on the wall
Irene raised the martyr's look sublime;
Then, ashen pale, but ever with her eyes
Turned to the God of Calvary, poured out
The soothing draught, and with a delicate hand
Gave to the wounded man the drink he asked.

Thou, Lord, and thou alone, didst see what passed
Beside that couch in those funereal hours.
When in that gloom the Evil Spirit spoke,
Thou, who by Satan to the desert led
Couldst only at the last find strength to say,
"Get thee behind me!" thou, O Lord! didst pardon
That tempted soul. And when she bowed her head
Before the final anguish, thou alone
Wert witness, and alone thou didst approve.
Remembering then that on the Mount of Olives
Thou didst recoil from thy impending doom.
And meekly pray, "O Father, let this cup
Pass from me!" thou with pity didst behold
That heart too sorely smitten. Who can doubt,
Lord, that thy blessing was on her vouchsafed?

But when the doctor in the morning came,
And saw her still beside the officer,
Tending him still and giving him his drink
With trembling fingers, he was much amazed
Irene had white hair!

BROUGHT BACK BY THE BUTCHER'S BOY.

[Washington News.]

Mary had a little dog
So thin it couldn't bark;
One dismal night, afar from home,
It wandered in the dark.
Poor Mary mourned her little pet,
And into tears she burst;
For when it came to her again
It came as wiener-wurst (sausage).

FINE BATTLE PICTURE.

[Description of a French Cavalry Regiment About to Charge.]

Suddenly, shrill and clear, the bugle sounded the *garde a vous*, and a tremor shook the two regiments. The swearing and grumbling ceased, and a dead silence seemed to fall on the ranks. The men swung themselves into the saddles, reined their horses into line and waited. A few officers galloped along the front, an order passed down the line, and the mounted, iron-breasted mass moved forward out of the shadow into the sun. As of their own accord, the squadrons deployed and again waited. A staff officer rode down the front and waved his kepi.

"Boys!" he cried, "the country needs you. You are going to charge. Ahead of you are 10,000 bayonets, glory and death. Behind you, our shattered right wing. You must save them, cost what it may. Good-by, boys! Go it as your fathers did at Waterloo!"

A voice answered from the ranks, "All right, general! We haven't forgotten how the old fellows charged." The next moment the hoarse cry of *Vive la France!* rang from 1,200 throats.

And then again there was a pause. Several horsemen wheeled into place in their respective positions. A half

intelligible order rippled through the ranks. The bugle sounded. The lines oscillated, and instinctively the squadrons chose their ground. The front moved ahead, and the long diagonal shrank into column. Then again they halted for a moment, and the first bullets, fired from too great a distance to do any harm, rang against the steel cuirasses with a dull, swinging, melancholly sound.

Saint Brissac reached over and shook Sargent's hand—and they were off. Twelve hundred swords flashed from their scabbards and cast a bar sinister of shadow across the golden shield of the burnished cuirasses; and the long horsetails streamed out behind the star of light that sat upon each man's helmet.

WHO DID IT?

[Boston Post]

By Jove, this room is in a pretty state!
There's nothing in the place it ought to be.
When I came in last night 'twas pretty late,
And then the place appeared all right to me.
Where are my clothes? I had a shirt! Ah! there
'Tis hung upon the peg which I devote
To that dark object which I see is where
The shirt should be—a rubber overcoat.
I had another stocking, I am sure!
Aha! My watch on floor, with broken face;
The stocking 'neath my pillow, where, secure,
It is my rule, at night, my watch to place.
A shoe upon the hat-rack hung! That's good!
My hat is by the other, on the floor,
And in it has my wet umbrella stood
And dripped, instead of in the cuspidore.
It's quite enough to make an angel weep—
Especially the spoiling of the hat!
Show me the wretch who, while I was asleep,
Entered my room and mixed things up like that!

LIGHT.

MISS A. V. TURNER.

[Written expressly for this book.]

1ST SPEAKER.

Father in Heaven! My soul is dark with sin!
How can it find its way to Thee?
What power can pierce the heavy clouds within,
And make my blinded eyes to see?

I find no rest nor peace in things of sense,
My soul cries out for joys beyond;
Oh! hear and help in Thine Omnipotence,
Nor let my darkened soul despond!

Oh God! I know Thou art. But where, or how
To see and know Thee as Thou art—
And closer draw to Thee—Oh, Thou,
My father! Now to me impart.

2ND SPEAKER.

Thy God hath heard thine earnest cry;
His ear can catch the faintest sigh;
His heart is open to thy grief;
He hears and sends to thy relief.

Me hath He chosen thus to send;
My feeble aid to thee I'll lend;
Backed by the Mighty Spirit's power,
The light may come to thee this hour.

Now give thine earnest thought to these
As each shall tell what thing he sees
Of God in nature manifest,
With His own Being most impressed.

SUN—3RD SPEAKER.

To-day the sun stood high in Heaven,
And as his brightest beams my pathway strewed,
My thought with swiftest flight was given
To Him, who made the sun and called it good.

How great, how wise, our Father, God!
Such beauteous, bounteous brightness thus to send,
On bird, on beast, on man, on clod—
Freely on all His blessed beams descend.

Then, too, I thought of later "Sun"
"With healing in his wings," as earth He trod.
What light to darkened souls had come.
Again my heart welled forth, "How good is God!"

MOON—4TH SPEAKER.

To-night as o'er my way the moon's pale light
In silvery sheen made all the earth seem bright,
I raised my eyes to where the pale orb glowed,
And thus my heart in prayer went out to God.

Oh, Thou, who madest sun and moon! teach me
To shine with steadfast brightness here for Thee;
As this soft silvery sheen, so still and bright,
May I in life's dark spots reflect Thy light.

STARS—5TH SPEAKER.

The twinkling lights, o'er all the Heaven spread,
Straight to my God my inmost soul hath led;
How great a God! that suns on suns hath made,
Far-reaching greatness in these most displayed.

Oh God! Thy wisdom vast, my mind o'erwhelms;
How canst Thou, Maker, Ruler of these realms,
That shine on us from out the glittering sky,
Descend to such a helpless worm as I?

And yet I know the glories Thou hast made,
E'en to our earthly eyes, Thou hast displayed
Enough, to show that we of them a part,
Have share with them in Thine Almighty heart.

2ND SPEAKER.

Hear now The Chief Musician's Song;
With perfect trust in God, made strong,
He hears God's voice, and sees God's face
In small or greatest things of space.

*(Then shall be read Psalm xix, from first to sixteenth
verse inclusive, by 6th Speaker.)*

2ND SPEAKER.

Doth not these words a message bring
To thy poor soul from Heaven's King?
Through all the earth, the perfect way
Is shown through these, that none may stray.

1ST SPEAKER.

Ah! yes, I see a God in glory wrapt;
Beyond all else I see Him tower;
But how can He to my poor need adapt
Such mighty wisdom, strength and power?

Will greatness so majestic, so sublime,
Regard me in my low estate?
Can He who made and rules these worlds, give time
My darkness to alleviate?

2ND SPEAKER.

My child, bring near what thou hast found
That with the thoughts of God abound;
What message, to this waiting soul,
Of hope and cheer canst thou unroll?

CHILD WITH FLOWERS—7TH SPEAKER.

I've found the sweetest, fairest flowers,
Blooming alone in woodland bowers,
With none to watch or care or tend;
But yet God's sun and rain descend,
And winds and dews refresh e'en these,
Surely their bloom and beauty please
Him, who hath made and kept them fair.
And as I walked and plucked them there
A feeling, sweet and sacred, crept
My spirit o'er;—these woodlands kept
By God, himself, with tender care,
And sprinkled with these flowrets fair—
Are garden meet for His own tread.
Then, here again, my thought was led
To Eden's bowers, where He talked
With sinless Adam, as they walked.
"Oh, God!" I cried, "cleanse me within,
Wash me and purge from every sin;
Let me, while walking, hear Thy voice,
And in Thy presence now rejoice."
And swift in answer to the prayer,
I felt and knew that God was there.

2ND SPEAKER.

Go lay thy flowrets in his sight;
Their balmy breathings, beauty bright,
May lead his thought to thought like thine,
And to the light his soul incline.

Surely the message through thy thought
With greatest truth is fully fraught,
The "pure in heart" alone, see Him,—
Soul cleansed, their eyes are never dim.

And what hast thou of light to give?
What of God's truth demonstrative
Hast brought from nature's realm, to show,
That God, more clearly, we may know?

ONE WITH MINERALS, SHELLS, ETC.—8TH SPEAKER.

Shells, corals, stones, earth, metals bright,
These all have brought my soul great light.
What care, exactness, fitness, force,—
In hue, in shape, adjustment, source!

Considering these, my mind takes hold
Of God's perfections manifold;
Naught left undone minute or great—
Perfect in kind, each holds its state.

Each in its own appointment stands,
Encircling earth with clasped hands,
With strength of God, inborn, endued,
They stand in patient servitude.

So may we, atoms of the dust,
Fulfill our portion of the trust,—
Our portion of His glory prove,
Heart touching heart, His strength inwove.

Then in the later fairer day,
When He shall clear all mists away,
His perfect glory shall appear,
And we co-workers have our share.

2ND SPEAKER.

Thou sayest well, and wisely too,
Weak though we be, 'tis surely true
That loving hearts, with strength supplied
From God above, naught can betide
Of evil, but the work that seems
Unprosperous here, with brightness gleams,—
Successful service, lent by love,—
When lighted by His light above.

And now, Oh, Soul, lift up thine head,
Hear what these, of thy God hath said,

A God of wisdom, strength and pow'r,
A God who tends the tiniest flow'r,—
Who with exactness did prepare
This home for us, and gave us share
In all its beauty, that He might
Our souls draw upward to the light.

Can He not satisfy thy need?—
Thy spirit's longing fully feed?
Stretch wide thy spirit's eyes, and see
How good is God! How kind to thee!

1ST SPEAKER.

Ah! yes, His greatness, wisdom, power and love,
His mighty care o'er all I see;
But these more fully now my spirit move
To know its great disparity.

The Lord is great, and greatly to be praised;
But Oh! that I more fitly might
With soul uplifted, heart and voice upraised,
With all His works in praise unite.

2ND SPEAKER.

Then listen once again, dear soul,
And hear how He can make thee whole,
Fit thee to sing His worthy praise,
And joy in Him through endless days.

(Then shall be read John, Chap. ix, from first to thirty-ninth verses, inclusive—9th Speaker.)

2ND SPEAKER.

Oh! soul, draw near and look on Him,
Who came to cleanse thee from all sin;
That God of wisdom, grace and power
Can save thy soul through Him this hour.

He came, "the light, the truth, the way,"—
His blood can wash all guilt away;
He bridges wide the gulf between
The Mighty God, and souls unclean.

Hear how he came to dwell on earth;—
A puny babe of humble birth,—
A lad of wisdom prescient,
Yet humble and obedient.

A man in whom all virtues blend;
Wise, loving, true—the sinner's friend,
Stooping to those of low degree;
Uplifting by His sympathy.

The poor, the maimed, the halt, the blind,
Earth's saddened ones, could always find
Pity and help, and inward light;
Bodies and souls, at once, made right.

A life of sacrifice He led,
That this great gospel might be spread;
He traveled, healed, He preached, He taught,
That men might all to God be brought.

With steady steps, He onward trod;
Nor swerved for earthly place or good,
Till on the cross in death He proved
Devotion strong for those He loved.

Oh, saddest life! Oh, darkened lot!
That He, by God, Himself, begot,
In life should homeless, friendless be,—
In death, nailed to the "cursed tree."

And yet, oh, soul! What glory bright,
Has followed this most darkened night;
Eternal love can never die—
This they could never crucify.

This God-man came our souls to save
From Satan's power, and e'en the grave,
This love for souls, could not confine,
It burst its bonds by power Divine.

And now, Oh, Soul! in Heaven He stands,
The wounds in feet, and side, and hands,
Record His love before the Throne,
And for thy sin and guilt atone.

1ST SPEAKER.

Oh wondrous, matchless grace, and mighty love!
What more could God or man desire?
Sure, sacrifice like this, all hearts must move
With earnest love, and zeal all souls inspire.

This, surely, is the God made manifest,
A God of wisdom, power and grace;
All this in Jesus, I see clear expressed,
This light all darkness must efface.

This to my soul is Resurrection morn!
New day my spirit now doth know
From out its darkened tomb my soul is borne—
Since God in Jesus thou dost show.

Shine out, Oh, Sun! o'er all the earth shine out!
And moon, reflect all gloriously!
Sweet flow'rets breathe His praises all about!
And stones cry out! the blind eyes see!

DIRECTIONS.

First Speaker should sit at small table, with opened Bible upon it, during first part, and Second should come on at beginning of her or his part, each Speaker following in turn; all remaining after speaking—part to left and part to right of First Speaker, who should be in centre of platform, with a bank of plants for background.

As Second Speaker closes her last address, First should rise and recite last speech joyously.

JINGLES OF THE STREET.

The Sweet By and Bye.

I.

In the happy time a coming there'll be nothing to provoke:

But every body there shall wear a light and easy yoke;
The score of quite distressing things that pain us every day

Will in that blissful after-while be banished far away.
There'll be no broken cables our wishes to defeat,
And when we pay our nickel we shall always get a seat;
Nor shall we have to wave both arms to catch the car-
man's eye,
He'll stop for us unsigaled in the sweet by and bye.

II.

The fellow with the cigarette, O, he will not be there;
But in the other place you know. Will anybody care?
For as he's fond of smoking will be better far that he
Shall go where he can smoke and smoke through all eternity.

The man who on the crowded streets keeps turning to the left

It pleases us to think of his sweet face we'll be bereft;
The women who with parasols are jabbing at our eye,
They never can come near us in the sweet by and bye.

III.

And she who wears a mammoth hat while at the theatre,
O, then is when with ghoulish glee we'll have the laugh on her;

For while the ones she tortured will the pearly gates pass through,

St. Peter, with an awful frown, will say to her "Go to."

The bores who tell us stories we have heard a hundred
times,
And long-haired crazy poets with their soft, insipid
rhymes—
And likewise all the fishermen who lie and lie and lie—
They'll never more disturb us in the sweet by and bye.

IV.

The broken elevator and the bridge forever turned,
These nuisances will no where in that city be discerned,
But this will please us more than all the jasper, gold and
pearl—
We'll no more have to battle with the awful servant girl;
The ice-man and the coal-man—it will fill our hearts with
mirth
To know that while they may connive to own the entire
earth,
Cannot possess when later on their time shall come to die
The merest tiny portion of the sweet by and bye.

V.

The man who says "I told you so," and fortunately, too,
The summer chump who asks us, "Is it hot enough for
you?"
Will both be barred; and, better yet, they'll shut out every-
one
Who whistles "Comrades," "Annie Rooney," "Johnny
Get Your Gun!"
And it is pleasant just to think no woman there shall come
Who while on earth in public ever toyed with chewing
gum.
O, the place will be delightful, and its worth our while to
try
To get a lead pipe sinch upon the sweet by and bye.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

HENRY WATTERSON.

[From an address delivered at the Auditorium, Chicago, Feb. 12, 1895.]

Throughout the wild contention that preceded the war, amid the lurid passions that attended the war itself, not one bitter or narrow word escaped the lips of Abraham Lincoln, whilst there was hardly a day that he was not projecting his big, sturdy personality between some Southern man or woman and danger.

From Caesar to Bismarck and Gladstone the world has had its statesmen and its soldiers—men who rose to eminence and power step by step, through a series of geometric progression, as it were, each advancement following in regular order one after the other, the whole obedient to well-established and well-understood laws of cause and effect. They were not what we call “men of destiny.” They were “men of the time.” They were men whose careers had a beginning, a middle, and an end, rounding of lives with histories, full it may be of interesting and exciting events, but comprehensive and comprehensible; simple, clear, complete.

The inspired men are fewer. Whence their emanation, where and how they got their power, and by what rule they lived, moved, and had their being, we know not. There is no explication to their lives. They rose from shadow and they went in mist. We see them, feel them, but we know them not. They came, God’s word upon their lips; they did their office, God’s mantle about them; and they passed away, God’s holy light between the world and them, leaving behind a memory, half mortal and half myth. From first to last they were the creations of some special Providence, baffling the wit of man to fathom, defeating the machinations of the world, the flesh and the devil, and their work done, passing from the scene as mysteriously as they had come upon it.

Tried by this standard, where shall we find an illustration more impressive than Abraham Lincoln, whose career might be chanted by a Greek chorus as at once the

prelude and the epilogue of the most imperial theme of modern times.

Born as lowly as the Son of God, in a hovel; of what ancestry we know not and care not; reared in penury, squalor, with no gleam of light or fair surroundings; without external graces, actual or acquired; without name or fame or official training; it was reserved for this strange being, late in life, to be snatched from obscurity, raised to supreme command at a supreme moment, and intrusted with the destiny of a Nation.

The great leaders of his party, the most experienced and accomplished public men of the day, were made to stand aside; were sent to the rear, whilst this fantastic figure was led by unseen hands to the front and given the reins of power. It is immaterial whether we were for him or against him—wholly immaterial. That, during four years, carrying with them such a pressure of responsibility as the world never witnessed before, he filled the vast space allotted him in the eyes and actions of mankind, is to say that he was inspired of God, for nowhere else could he have acquired the wisdom and the grace indispensable to his mission.

Where did Shakespeare get his genius? Where did Mozart get his music? Whose hand smote the lyre of the Scottish plowman, and stayed the life of the German priest? God, God, and God alone; and as surely as these were raised up by God, inspired by God, was Abraham Lincoln; and a thousand years hence no story, no tragedy, no epic poem will be filled with greater wonder, or be followed by mankind with deeper feeling, than that which tells of his life and death.

A WELSH CLASSIC.

H. H. BALLARD.

[Recited by Miss Jennie Batterson, Public Reader.]

An unlettered clergyman wanting a place
(His manners were genial and pleasant his face)

Received a kind letter inviting him down
To preach to a church in a large country town.

The town was uncultured, old-fashioned and plain;
The principal business was harvesting grain,
And none of the church members ventured to speak
A word of the Hebrew, or Latin, or Greek.

For this very reason they wished all the more,
A scholar well grounded in classical lore;
While a candidate might just as well stay away,
If he didn't quote Hebrew at least once a day.

The divine about whom this odd story was told
By the newspaper gossips, was cunning and bold,
And knowing they wished for a classical man,
Though he didn't know Latin, he hit on a plan.

For he thought, "We shall see how much shrewdness
 avails,
Though I cannot read Greek, I'm a native of Wales;
If a few Welsh expressions I cautiously use,
It may rival the Hebrew in pleasing the pews."

On the critical day, with exceptional grace,
With well attuned voice and well controlled face,
He read from the Bible a passage or two,
And remarked, "My dear friends, this translation won't do.

"To be sure 'tis correct, but if beauty you seek,
Hear the rhythmical sound of original Greek!"
Then boldly a medley of Welsh he recited,
And marked the effect on his hearers benighted.

The children gazed up with a wondering stare,
Their mothers assumed an intelligent air,
While the deacons all nodded, as much as to say,
That Greek was by far the more excellent way.

A still bolder venture he hazarded next,
By a curious way of announcing the text;
"These words as my hearers have noticed, of course,
Have lost nearly all their original force.

"In the Hebrew how clearly the thought flashes out."
And more of his Welsh he proceeded to spout;
When what was his horror to spy near the door
A jolly old Welshman just ready to roar!

Overcome with remorse and foreseeing the shame,
Exposure would bring to his reverend name,
The preacher's mad impulse at first was to run,
But the Welshman's round face, so brimming with fun,

Suggested a possible plan of escape,
Which none but a terrified parson could shape;
He bravely confronted that dangerous smile,
And coolly continued his sermon awhile,
Till at length without showing the least agitation,
He rallied himself for a final quotation:

"The rendering here is decidedly wrong,
Quite different thoughts to the Chaldee belong."
Then Welshman in pulpit to Welshman in pew,
In the barbarous dialect they alone knew,

Cried, "Friend! By the land of our fathers, I pray,
As you hope for salvation, don't give me away!"
The joke was so rich, the old Welshman kept still;
And the classical parson is preaching there still.

THE CRAVEN KNIGHT.

[As recited by Jessie A. C. Kleinman, Public Reader.]

"Good morrow, lovely lady, is thy noble lord with thee?"
"Sir Knight, since to the wars he went, full moons have
wasted three,

Three weary moons have waxed and waned since he sailed
o'er the main,
And little wist I when these eyes shall see my lord again."

"Forget him, lovely lady, as thou art by him forgot."

"Sir Knight, thou dost him wrong, forgotten by him I am
not."

"O, let me be thy servant, lady; I will love thee dear."

"Sir Knight, I am a wedded wife, such words I cannot
hear."

"Sweet lady, yet a boon upon my bended knee I crave."

"If aught I can with honor grant, Sir Knight, demand and
have."

"Then give me those three golden rings that on thy fingers
shine."

"Sir Knight, with life alone I part with those three rings of
mine."

"O, let me wear them but a day, an hour, for thy sake."

"Such action would to my lord full proof of falseness
make."

"Enough, enough, unkind one, then I may naught ob-
tain?"

"If aught I can with honor grant; Sir Knight demand
again."

But the Knight had mounted his steed and away,
His love had turned to hate.

At the nearest town he alighted down before a goldsmith's
gate.

He hath bought three rings of plain red gold

Like those by Clara worn.

"Ah, bitterly thy slight of me proud lady shalt thou
mourn."

He hath mounted again his coal-black bard, before the
break of day;

And who is this the warrior bold that greets him on the
way?

It is the brave Hernando who, the Soldon's city won,
Now pants to hold within his arms his wife and new born
son.

"What news, what news, thou noble knight; what news?
And canst thou tell how fares my wife and infant son?
Say are they safe and well?"

"Thy wife is well and eke the boy."

"Thy speech is brief and cold—Clara is true?"

"For answer look on these three rings of gold."

A minute, and his visor closed, his lance was in its rest:

"Defend thee now, thou fellen knight, foul shame be on
thy crest."

One charge, one shock, the traitor corse is from the saddle cast

Through plate and steel and gambison Hernando's spear
hath passed.

He buries in his courser's flanks his bloody spurs again,
He bends above the courser's neck and thunders o'er the plain.

"Up, Clara, up! Hernando comes; I see the well known
blazon on his shield: 'Tis he, my child, 'tis he!"

"Ah mother, rides he fast enow as one to his true love hies?
Canst see his face dear mother, looks joy from out his eyes?"

"His helmet, child, is open, but he rideth fast enow,
But his face is dark and bent as if anger seamed his brow,
The step of armed feet is heard upon the turret stair;
Forth springs to meet her lord's embrace this lady fond
and fair.

By the silken locks in which his hand has oft been fondly
twined

He hath seized and dragged her from her bower, with jealous
fury blind; he has bound her to his horse's
heels;

Not shriek nor prayer he heeds;

O'er rugged rock, o'er bush and brier the goaded charger
speeds.

Her flesh is rent by every thorn, her blood stains every
stone.

O, Jesus sweet, have mercy, for her cruel lord has none!

And now the sharp edge of a flint has cut the cord in twain.
Down springs her vengeful lord to make his victim fast
again.

"What have I done? Before I die, my crime, Hernando,
say?"

"Those three gold rings I gave to thee, thou false one,
where are they?"

"O where but on my hand that with my heart I gave to
thee, draw off my glove, I cannot, for my strength
is failing me."

"O, curses on my frantic rage, my wronged, my murdered
wife.

Up, Clara, up, and thus shall life atone for life!"

She staggered up, love gave her strength, the sword afar
she hurled.

"Thou knowst my innocence, O live and prove it to the
world.

Live for our boy, the babe, whose fame shall emulate his
sire.

Mourn not for Clara loving thee, contented she expires."

"Our boy, the babe my fury has made motherless to-day
When he for his mother asks, O God, what shall I say?"

"Say that her name was Clara, that thy love was her pride;
And blessing him and thee she smiled as in thy arms she
died."

And he went back to his baby boy, with his hair like the
driven snow:

And there never came one hour of joy into that life of
remorseful woe.

OUR CHRISTMAS.

[Recited by Miss Cora H. Obenchain, Public Reader.]

We didn't have much of a Christmas
My papa and Rosa and me,
For mamma'd gone out to the prison
To trim up the poor pris'ners' tree;

And Ethel, my big grown-up sister,
Was down at the 'sylum all day
To help at the great turkey dinner,
And teach games for the orphans to play.
She belongs to a club of young ladies
With a "beautiful objick" they say;
'Tis to go among poor, lonesome children,
And make all their sad hearts more gay.

And auntie, you don't know my auntie;
She's my own papa's half-sister Kate,
She was 'bliged to be round at the chapel
'Till 'twas,—oh, sometimes, dreadfully late
For she pities the poor, worn-out curate;
His burdens, she says, are so great;
So she 'ranges the flowers and the music
And he goes home around by our gate.
I should think this way must be the largest;
But then I suppose he knows best.
Aunt Kate says he entertains most splendid;
And his name is Vane Algernon West.

My papa had bought a big turkey,
And had it sent home Christmas Eve,
But there wasn't a soul here to cook it;
You see Bridget had threatened to leave
If she couldn't go off with her cousin;
(He don't look like her one bit)
She says she belongs to a "Union"
And the Union won't let her submit.
So we ate bread and milk for our dinner,
And some raisins and candy, and then
Rose and me went down stairs to the pantry
Just to look at the turkey again.

Papa said he would take us out riding;
Then he thought he didn't quite dare
For Rosie got cold and kept coughing;
There was dampness and chills in the air.

Oh, the day was so long and so lonesome;
And our papa was lonesome as we;
And the parlor was dreary—no sunshine,
And all the sweet roses—the tea
And the red ones—and ferns and carnations
That have made our bay window so bright,
Mamma'd picked for the men at the prison,
To make their bad hearts pure and bright.

And we all sat up close to the window,
Rose and me on our papa's two knees;
And we counted the dear little birdies
That were hopping about on the trees.
Rosie wanted to be a brown sparrow,
But I thought I would rather, by far,
Be a robin, that flies away winters
Where the sunshine and gay blossoms are.
And papa wished he was a jail-bird
Cause he thought that they fared the best,
But we all were real glad we weren't turkeys
For then we'd been killed with the rest.

That night I put into my prayers
"Dear God, we've been lonesome to-day
For mamma, aunt, Ethel and Bridget
Every one of them all went away.
Won't you please make a Club or Society,
'Fore its time for next Christmas to be,
To take care of philan'pists' families,
Like papa an Rosa and me?"
And I think that my papa's grown pious,
For he listened as still as a mouse
Till I got to "Amen," then he said it
So it sounded all over the house.

HOW IT WAS TO BE.

[From Scrap Collection of Miss R. J. Mason.]

I never intended to fall in love
With less than six feet in height;
A boundless beard and a fathomless purse
Had always been my delight.

His pale, high brow I said
Should be swept by masses of black, waving hair;
A pale, sad light in the cavernous eye,
A shadow, but not of care.

A dark stern face turned out to the world,
But glowing turned inward to me,
A heart locked and barred at the stranger's approach
While I have the golden key.

A voice like the south wind in murmuring love,
Thunder-toned in denouncing the wrong,
And a name handed down from the long-ago days,
Embalmed in the Troubadour's song.

HOW IT IS.

Well, here we have him—pray give a glance
At the gentleman's vis-a-vis,
Intently engaged in a chicken's wing
And a cup of his favorite tea.

A round, good natured, full moon of a face,
Eyes blue as the summer sky,
And the locks on his forehead, well, auburn at least,
Not to mention a ruddier dye.

He daily toils for his daily bread,
He's the merriest fellow alive;

At eight in the morning in high heeled boots,
He measures but five feet five.

He bears in his bosom the biggest heart
On this side the broad Atlantic,
His chin is as smooth as a lawn in May
And his name is by no means romantic.

HOW IT CAME TO BE.

Exactly, how did it? I really can't tell,
I really don't know to this day,
I am sure I but thought we were very good friends
In a perfectly natural way.

I dreamed not that I was in love with him
Or that he was in love with me,
I only knew that when fate brought us together
We were happy as happy could be.

Till all of a sudden, one moon-light night,
Such a night as June only can bring,
He was talking, though rather at random I thought,
Of the stars and all that sort of thing;

He whispered me something—I'll never tell what—
You smile, but you need not doubt it,
That frightened and startled me so—
That—and then—why, you see I forgot all about it.

THE NATURE OF ORATORY.

PRESIDENT QUAYLE, OF BAKER UNIVERSITY.

[Recited by Chas. T. A. Anderson, Public Reader.]

Oratory is the corona of speech. Primarily the faculty of verbal expression is for the communication of wants

and desires, and in flexibility and form it is but the reflection of the untutored mind that directs it. Advancing to a higher level it becomes the vehicle of ideas that are dissociated from the mere physical wants of the man and conveys his religious, philosophical and aesthetic speculations, his conceptions of manners and morals. In its loftiest development it is the means whereby one mind impresses its individuality upon others, quickens their emotions, captures their reason, dominates their will. Here the faculty of speech reaches its greatest dignity and power, and blossoms into oratory.

The influence of oratory over the human passions has been supported by tradition and attested by history. Its power has swayed the destinies of empires and marked the progress of civilization. Sometimes prostituted to the promotion of injustice and of evil it has, nevertheless, rarely failed to assert its regal right to serve the cause of the oppressed against the tyrant. Despots have trembled at its menace and the overthrow of iniquitous systems, social, political and religious, has been hastened by its power.

Most young men who have enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education have, at some time or other, aspired to forensic distinction. A laudable ambition—but how few have succeeded? The great orator, like the great man, achieves his greatness not from what he appears to be but from what he is. The hypocrite, no matter how clever a dissembler, or how skillful a rhetorician, cannot impress the multitude with convictions which he himself does not possess. People throng the theater and watch the actor with absorbing interest; they laugh, they weep as he skillfully portrays the emotions, utters the thoughts and impersonates the actions of others. But the curtain drops, they depart and are no longer moved. Herein lies the distinction between the mere dissembler and the true orator. The latter inspires his audience with his spirit, moves them with his enthusiasm; he touches a responsive chord in their hearts which vibrates in unison with his own. So powerful is this influence that opinions may be changed, the fixed prejudices of education and habit re-

moved and the course of many lives diverted from the accustomed path. The greatest triumphs of oratory never perish.

Mere eloquence is not oratory, although oratory is eloquent. A graceful diction, an ample vocabulary, a commanding presence, a gracious manner, while all desirable, will not of themselves, either singly or combined, form an orator. These things after all are only adornments. The orator communes with the souls of his hearers and no mean, corrupted soul can inspire others with great and noble sentiments. A man may be brilliant, a scholar of admirable presence and insinuating address, but unless he have nobility and greatness of character he cannot be a true orator.

AMERICA IN PINAFORE.

JULIA A. WALCOTT.

[Recited by Miss Jessie Lombard.]

Oh, Sue, I'm so glad to see you, for
I've lots of things to tell,
But I feel so much like crying, I
Can't say them very well.
Well, you know Josie Lincoln, and you
Know he's been my beau—
Sue, you do know it, don't you, if
The girls should say 'taint so?

Now week ago last Monday noon a new girl came to
school,
And she isn't one bit pretty, and she's really most a fool,
But she think's she's very stylish and she puts on lots of
airs,
'Cause her ma is a directress in one of those nurs'ry fairs.
She says her pa owns lots of stocks in mines and some
railway,
And something 'bout some telephone that is such splendid
pay.

She talks, just think! of bulls and bears her pa in Wall street meets.

I believe she fibs; who ever saw such creatures in the streets?

Sometimes she gets on "keramics," says she shall study art,

Ma says she needn't study it, she's got it now by heart.

She means to go abroad some time, I wish she'd go to-day—

I think poor Joe'd be different if she were out of the way.

But he—just like a boy, you know, has been quite taken in,

And, Oh! there never was a girl so tried as I have been—
He's written notes to Katie Brice—the new girl's name, you know,

And I'm very positive he wants to be her beau,

For last night at the dancing school he waltzed with her three times,

And then this morning during prayers he passed her pickled limes.

To go back to the dancing—she was really overdressed—I s'pose on Josie Lincoln's 'count she wore her very best.

And then I heard him tell her he thought she looked real nice—

Well, I'm glad I don't look like her and I'm glad my name ain't Brice.

And my ma says 'tis vulgar for young girls to dress so much,

And her feet are awful ugly and her form is reg'lar Dutch.

And she isn't one bit modest, that any one can see,

For the other night at Mary's (she invited us to tea),

When Mary's mother asked her if she wouldn't play and sing,

She got right up and did it—oh, the little forward thing!
I never could do that way, Sue, I couldn't be so bold,
I'd say I'm 'fraid I cannot, or, I've taken a slight cold.

I always wait until I'm urged, as all the ladies do,
'Though my voice is clearer far than hers, and I play
much better, too,
Well, Josie Lincoln, he was there, so he stood and turned
the leaves;
Until at last, I don't know how, it caught against his
sleeve,
And oh, I was delighted, for it threw them on the floor,
And Kate got so "frustrated" she could do nothing more.

Then next it came my turn, you know, I could have done
first-rate,
But Josie stood behind me and kept whispering with
Kate,
And I heard him say, "You played the best," and then I
almost cried,
And then I said I wouldn't—and I wouldn't if I died.

Now, Sue, you're only 'leven, and you're nothing but a
child,
You can't form a conception of the grief that drives me
wild;
But I hope, if ever you should live to be almost fourteen,
You won't have had the trials, dear, that I've already
seen.

ARCHIE DEAN.

GAIL HAMILTON.

[Recited by Miss Margaret Wall, Public Reader.]

I.

Would you laugh, or would you cry?
Would you break your heart and die,
If you had a dashing lover

Like my handsome Archie Dean,
And he should forget his wooing
By the moon, the stars, the sun,
To love me evermore,
And should go to Kittie Carrol,
Who has money, so they say—
And with eyes love-filled as ever,
Win her heart, that's like a feather,
Vowing all he had before?
Prithee, tell me, would you cry,
And grow very sad and die?

II.

True, I do love Archie Dean,
Love him, love him, oh! how true;
But see, my eyes are bright,
And my lips and cheeks are red,
(Archie Dean put that in my head)
And I don't know what to do,
Whether to lie down and weep
Till the red is faded out,
And my eyes are dull and dim,
Maybe blind, and all for him;
(I could do it, I've no doubt).
Or loop up my pretty hair
With the brightest knots of ribbon,
And the very sweetest roses,
And go to the village fair,
Where he'll be with Kittie Carrol,
And will see me dance the wildest
With some bonny lad that's there,
Just to show how much I care.

III.

Archie Dean! Archie Dean!
'Tis the sweetest name I know,
It is writ on my heart, but o'er it now

Is drifting the cold snow.
Archie Dean! Archie Dean!
There's a pain in my heart while I speak;
I wonder if always the thought of your name
Will make me so saddened and weak.
Archie Dean! Archie Dean!
I remember that you said
Your name should be mine and I should be
The happiest bride e'er wed.
I little thought of a day like this
When I could wish I were dead.
But there goes the clock, the hour is near
When I must be off to the fair;
I'll go and dance and dance and dance
With the bonny lads who are there,
In my dress of blue with crimson sash
Which he always liked to see.
I'll whirl before him as fast as I can,
I'll laugh and chatter, yes, that is my plan,
And I know that before the morn
He'll wish that Kittie Carrol had never been born,
And that he could be sitting again
Close by my side in the green meadow lane,
Vowing his love in a tender strain.
But when I see him coming,
I'll turn my eyes with softest glance
On somebody else—then off in the dance—
And if he should happen to get the chance,
For saying how heartily sorry he is
For having been false to me he loves true,
I won't hear a word that he says, would you?

IV.

What you'd better do, Jennie Marsh.
Break your heart for Archie Dean?
Jennie Marsh! Jennie Marsh!
Not a bit.
'Tis the very thing he's after.

He would say to Kittie Carrol,
With careless, mocking laughter,
Here's a pretty little chick,
Who has died for love of me,

'Tis a pity.

But what is a man to do
When the girls beset him so?
If he gives a nosegay here,
If he calls another dear,
If he warbles to a third

A love ditty,
Why, the darling little innocents
Take it all to heart.

Alack-a-day!

Ah! she was a pretty maiden,

A little too fond-hearted,
Eyes a little too love-laden,
But really, when we parted—
Well, she died for love of me,
Kittie Carrol. Don't you see
You are giving him to Kittie
Just as sure as sure can be.
'Tis the way he takes to woo her,
By slyly showing to her,
What a dashing, slashing beau is at her feet.
And of all the pretty pratings
About a woman's deathless loving
And her ever faithful proving,
And her womanly devotion,
I've a very wicked notion
That to carry off the one
That Mary here is sighing for,
And Fanny there is dying for,
Is more than half the happiness,
And than half the fun.

Now if I were a man,
Jennie Marsh! Jennie Marsh!
If I only were a man
For a day—

(I'm a maiden, so I can't
 Always do just what I want),
 But if I were a man, I'd say,
 Archie Dean, Go to thunder!
 What's the use of sighs, I wonder,
 Your oaths and vows and mutterings
 Are awfully profane.
 Hie away to Kittie Carrol,
 Your loss is but a gain.
 Aren't there fishes still a-swimming,
 Just as luscious every way
 As those that hissed and sputtered
 In the sauce-pan yesterday?
 But Jennie, charming Jennie,
 You're a tender little woman,
 And I expect you'll say that is
 So shockingly inhuman;
 And beside you'll never dare,
 You little witch, to swear!
 But when you're at the fair
 Don't flirt too far with bonny lads,
 Because, perhaps, you'll rue it;
 And do not dance too merrily,
 Because he may see through it;
 And don't put on an air as if
 You're mortally offended;
 You'll be a feather in his cap,
 And then your game is ended.
 And if, with Kittie on his arm,
 You meet him on the green,
 Don't agonize your pretty mouth
 With Mr. Arthur Dean;
 But every throb of pride or love
 Be sure to stifle,
 As if your intercourse with him
 Were but the merest trifle;
 And make believe, with all your might,
 You'd not care a feather
 For all the Carrols in the world,

And Archie Deans together.
Take this advice, and get him back,
My darling, if you can;
But if you can't, why, right-about,
And take another man.

V.

What I did.
I went to the fair with Charlie—
With handsome Charlie Green,
Who has loved me many a year,
And vowed his loving with a tear—
A tear of the heart, I mean.
But I never gave a smile to him
Until to-night,
When full in sight
Of Kittie Carrol and Archie Dean.
Now, Archie knows that Charlie has
A deal of money, and has lands,
And his wealth is little to him
Without my heart and hand.
So I smiled on Charlie,
And I danced with Charlie,
When I knew that Archie's eyes
Were fixed on me as in a trance.
I once caught them in the dance,
And I could have fallen at his feet,
Dear Archie Dean!
But there were Kittie Carrol and Charlie Green.
And when Archie came to me,
As I was sure he would,
And with softest tone and glance,
Do you think I dropped my eyes,
With a glad surprise?
No, no, indeed!
That would not do.
Straight I looked into his face,
With no broken-hearted grace.

Oh, he could not see my pain—
 And I told him he must wait
 A little while
 Till I had danced with Charlie Green;
 Then I cast a smile
 On Harry Hill and Walter Brown.
 Oh, the look he cast on me
 As his eyes fell sadly down.
 He said he something had to say,
 But I laughed and turned away,
 For my sight was growing dim,
 Saying, I would not forget
 That I was to dance with him.
 He did not go to Kittie Carrol,
 Who was sitting alone,
 Watching us with flashing eyes,
 But he slowly turned away
 To a corner in the dark.
 There he waited patiently,
 And, he said, most wearily,
 For the dancing to be done,
 And although my heart was aching,
 And very nigh to breaking,
 It was quite a bit of fun
 Just to see him standing there
 Watching me. Oh, Archie Dean,
 What a picture of despair;
 Why not hie to Kittie Carrol?
 She has money so they say,
 And has held it out for lovers
 Many and many a weary day.
 She is rather plain, I know—
 Crooked nose and reddish hair,
 And her years are more than yours.
 Archie Dean! Archie Dean!
 (He is not rich, like Charlie Green.)
 What does love for beauty care?
 Hie away to Kittie Carrol;
 Ask her out to dance with you,

Or she'll think that you are fickle
And your vows of love untrue,
And maybe you'll get the mitten,
Then, ah then, what will you do?

VI.

Well, he sighed at me and I laughed at him
As we danced away together.
He pressed my hand, but I heeded not,
And whirled off like a feather.
He whispered something about the past,
But I did not heed at all,
For my heart was throbbing loud and fast,
And the tears began to fall.
He led me out beneath the stars,
I told him it was vain
For him to vow. I had no faith
To pledge with him again.
His voice was sad and thrilling and deep,
And my pride flew away,
And left me to weep,
And when he said he loved me most true,
And ever should love me,
"Yes, love only you," he said,
I could not help trusting Archie,
Say, could you?

OH, FOR A MAN!

M. C. HUNGERFORD.

"Oh, for a man!" the clear voice sang,
And through the church the echo rang.
"Oh, for a man!" she sang again,
How could such sweetness plead in vain?

The bad boys grinned across the aisles,
The deacon's frowns were changed to smiles,
The singer's cheek turned deepest pink
At bass and tenor's wicked wink.

The girls that bore the alto part
Then took the strain with all their heart:
"Oh, for a man, a man, a man—"
And then the full-voiced choir began

To sing with all their might and main
The finis to the girl's refrain:
"Oh, for a mansion in the skies,
A man—a mansion in the skies."

HOW A MAN PUTS THINGS AWAY.

Man puts things out of the way whenever the necessity of so doing presents itself to him. For example, he finds that his room is in a disorderly state. Too many pairs of boots make themselves painfully obvious; there are more discarded collars on the mantel than the propriety would dictate; and the mixture of cigar ashes, clothes brushes and gloves on his table has reached a stage of confusion which displeases him. He resolves to put things in order, and put out of the way whatever is plainly adapted to the process. Accordingly he crowds the superfluous boots under the sofa, thrusts smaller articles of personal apparel into the bureau drawers, empties the cigar ashes and bits of waste paper behind his desk, and thus quickly sets his room in order. Now the result of this process is eminently satisfactory. Not only has he put things out of the way, but he is in position to find them again as soon as he wants them. The sofa stands faithfully on guard over the boots, and he can at any time poke them out with a cane. The discarded collars, the gloves, the pipes and the various small articles thrown into the bureau drawers remain there, and the ashes and

waste paper could be exhumed from behind the desk, were any possible demand for them to arise. The man who has put things out of the way can always lay his hand upon them. He does not lose track of them. They never pass out of his possession, or, what is virtually the same thing, out of his memory. Of course this masculine process of putting things out of the way excites the derision of woman. She claims it is the worst form and last expression of disorder. To put things away, as the art is practiced by woman, is equivalent to concealing them more or less completely. The desire to put things away amounts in most women to a passion. Curiously enough, it is always the things of other people—her husband or her children—that she puts away. Her own things she wisely keeps where they are handy, and she resents the suggestion that, no matter where they may be, they can ever be regarded as objects out of place. All other things, on the other hand, are, in her opinion, always out of place, provided they are visible. Her chief object in life is to put them away where no one can see them, and her greatest happiness is attained when she has put them away so securely that she herself cannot remember where they are. Books and papers of a kind which a man is apt to need at any moment are always put away by women with eager enthusiasm. Winter clothing is put away in spring with such success that the owner is convinced that it has been stolen. In short, there is nothing that woman will not gladly and effectually put away if it belongs exclusively to a man.

MEMORIAL DAY POEM.

[By Dr. S. F. Bennett, author of "Sweet Bye and Bye,"]

Ring, silver bells of memory, ring,
In time to martial tread!
To-day our offerings we bring
In honor of our dead—

Our patriot dead, who round us sleep
In many a grassy grave,
The urns that sacred treasures keep,
The bivouac of the brave!

Ring out, O bells, from steeple high!
But not all sad and slow,
As when, with tear and moan and sigh,
We lay our loved below!
Ring proudly, for the proudest heads
Of all our native clime,
Though pillowed here in narrow beds,
Should claim a pearl sublime!

Ring proudly, for the proudest deeds
That poet ever sung;
Our Nation gave its proudest meeds,
Our patriot dead have done!
Proud? Died they not on bloody fields,
The grand, the true, the brave,
Their faithful breasts, O priceless shields,
Our glorious land to save?

And yet they live! The hand that writ
Heaven's story in the stars,
And tuned the notes of birds to fit
Sweet nature's music bars,
Has built for them a mansion blest
With priceless love for aye,
All gracious with the boon of rest
And fair with endless day.

And yet they live! In dreams we hear
The music of their speech,
And deem that they are drawing near,
So outstretched hands may reach
Almost beyond the mystic veil,
When, on the slumberous air,

The echo of a glad "All hail!"
Comes wafted from afar.

Unfurl the flag 'neath which they stood,
In camp, on battle field,
To stem the tide of treason's flood,
To die, but not to yield,
How many eyes that now are closed
Have watched it in the fight!
How many dying heads reposed
Upon its bars of light!

Come, maidens, with your hearts of snow;
Come, tender matronhood;
Come, youthful swains, with hearts that glow;
Come, manhood's noble blood;
Come, tottering age, with silver hair;
Come, prattling infancy,
To honor those the gift you bear,
Who died for liberty.

As upward from this sacred sod
Their perfumes sweet arise,
Like incense from an altar God
Has blessed in sacrifice,
So from our hearts the earnest prayer
Is wafted to His gates—
"God keep our heroes waiting there
And each that here awaits!"

Not here alone their forms repose!
In march, and swamp, and fen,
At morn, at noon, at daylight's close,
Unknelled fell noble men!
No grassy mound to mark the place
Of their last sacrifice,
No marble shaft, with sculptural trace,
Uplifted to the skies!

But shafts of marble need they not
To keep their memories green;
God plants the flowers above each spot
With shafts of grass between;
He too distils heaven's pearly dew,
As precious as our tears,
And May's sweet tribute to renew
He bids the faithful years!

No grief the heart can feel, no gift
The willing hand can give,
No offered sacrifice can lift
The veil, that we who live
May look across to where they stand
Upon the silvery shore,
Or win to earth that martial band,
To march with us once more!

Let golden ages grandly sweep
Adown the track of time,
And, mindful of our heroes, keep
Unstained their fame sublime!
Such fame is deathless—born of deeds
Not wrought through love of fame,
But offerings of a people's needs,
And patriots' hearts aflame!

Upon their graves, dear Freedom's shrine,
We pledge ourselves anew,
To live for Freedom's cause divine,
To loyal be, and true,
To love the flag whose starry folds
Have led our buried band,
And sacred keep the spot that holds
The dead who saved the land!

THE ONE-LEGGED DUCK.

BY HOPKINSON SMITH.

[As arranged and recited by William H. Head.]

I tole yu, Petah, you'd orte ben dah. Well, sah, it were de funnies' t'ing yu ebber see! Yu see de Marsa, he were gwine fer te hab a fine dinnah, an' he say te me, he say, "Sambo, I'se gwine fer te hab a fine dinnah heah tomorro', an' I wants yu fer te go out an' git de fines' duc' on de place, caise I'se gwine fer te 'vite de people fer miles 'roun', an' I wants fer te hab a fine dinnah. Yu understand, Sambo?"

"Oh, yes, Mar' I un'erstan's, I un'erstan's." Well, de nex' day I goes out and gits de fines' duc' I kin fine on de place, an' brings him in an' puts him on de kittle fer te bile an' he bile away, an' arter while he git done, an' den I take him off an' lay him on de table, an' tuhn 'round te go tew tudder side de room, an' I ain't no moah dan tuhn mah back tell my yaller gal come in an' grab a leg of dat air duc' and 'way she go. Haw-haw-haw. He-he-he. Yaw-yaw. An' den I holleh. "Cum back heah! Cum back heah, wid de leg o' dat air duc'!" But she doan't cum bac' tall. Haw-haw-haw. He-he-he. Yaw-yaw-yaw. I tole yu, Petah, I has te laff whenever I t'ink o' dat air. He-he, ho-ho.

Well, what I gwine te do I didn't know. Dah were de Mars' upstaihs a-waitin' fer dat duc', an' den he done git pow'ful mad. 'Deed he do. He done git dat pow'ful mad he holleh down, "Sambo!"

"Y-ye-ye-yes, Marsa."

"S gwine te bring dat air duc' up heah?"

"Oh, yes, Mars', I be up dah in jes' a minute. I be up dah in jes' a minute." An' den I take de bread an' put it roun' de place where de leg oughten be. An' den de Marsa, upstaihs, he done git dat pow'ful mad he holleh down, "Sambo! Sambo!"

"Y-y-ye-yes, Marsa. I be up dah in jes' a minute. I be up dah in jes' a minute, Marsa. An' den I fixes some moah bread 'roun' de duc' an' den I takes it upstaihs an'

puts it on de table. Ho-ho-ho. Oh, my, I tole yu, Petah, I has te laff ev'ry time I t'ink of dat air. He-he-ho.

An' den de Marsa, he say—he ask de dressing, an' he say, "Amen," or "a woman," somet'ing like dat air, an' den he say, "Well, Majoh Williams, what section of de bird does yu prefeh?"

"Well," de Majoh say, "Oh, I doan' keer; I ain't pah-tic'lah, but I t'ink I take a leg." Haw-haw-haw. Den de Marsa he cut off a leg foh de Majoh. Den he say, "Well, now, Kunnul Jones, what part ob de bird does yu like de bes'?"

"Well," de Kunnul say, "Oh, well, I guess I take a wing." An' so de Marsa cut off a wing an' han' it ober tew de Kunnul.

"Well, now, Cap'n Brown, what is de bes' fer yu?"

"Well, I doan' know, but I guess I take a leg, tew." Den de Marsa go fer te cut off a leg, but dah want no leg dah. Yaw-yaw-yaw-yaw. Hu-hu-hu. He-he-he. I tole yu, Petah, I has te laff ev'ry time I t'ink o' dat air. Ho-ho-ho. Hew-hew-hew.

Den de Marsa were pow'ful mad. Deed he were. He weh dat pow'ful mad he say, "Sambo!" in pow'ful deep toms.

"Yes, sah."

"Cum heah, sah. What's de matteh wid dat air duc'?"

"Wy—wy—I doan' know, Marsa. I—I—I guess dey hain't nuffin de matteh wid dat air duc'."

"Ain't nuffin' de matteh wid dat air duc'! Whew's dat air leg?"

"I—I—I—d-d-don't know, Marsa. I—I—I—guess dat's de one-legged kine o' duc's.

"De what, sah?"

"De one-legged kine o' duc's. Yu see, Marsa, dair am two-legged an' one-legged duc's on dis heah place."

"Look out dah, Sambo, doan't yu tole me no lies, caise de ang'l write down in big lettahs 'bout dat air lie yu done tole."

Den dat kine o' skeer me; 'caise I didn't want no ang'l writin' down no lies 'bout me. But den I doan' know

what I gwine te dew, so I say, "No, Marsa, I'se done tole yu de gospel truff shuah nuff."

"All right, sah, I jes' gib yu a chance tew show me some o' dem air duc's. Jus' cum down staihs wid me. Ya-ya-ya-ya. Well, what I gwine te dew I didn't know. But I folleh de Marsa down staihs, an' dah stan'in' in front ob de porch weh six duc's, and tree ob dem weh standin' on two legs and tree ob dem weh stan'in' on one leg. Ya-yah. Ho-ho-ho-ho. Ya-ya-ya. I say "Dere dey are, Marsa. Dere are your two kine o' duc's." Den de Marsa he go "shoo," an' de duc's put dere legs down an' away dey go. Ha-ha-ha. Yaw-yaw-yaw-yaw. Oh, Petah, I has te laff ev'ry time I t'ink o' dat air. Den de Marsa wah pow'ful mad. Deed he weh; he dat pow'ful mad he gwine te hit me wid de cane, but I say, "Hole on dah; dat ain't faih. You didn't shoo de duc' on de table. Ha-ha-ha. Ho-ho-ho. He-he.

THE TRUE SOCIALISM.

FRED E. MORGAN, CENTRAL UNIVERSITY.

Harmony is the ideal of the universe. Law, the divinely appointed means to its attainment.

Governments and societies are the natural and necessary products of man's nature, and, as such, are the embodiments of laws whose source and authority are the very nature of the component individuals. Society is the aggregate of its members—a form springing from their relations. Thus the great principles of right, justice, truth and duty, which include all the principles of individual development, also contain all the laws of governmental and social development. Disregard for these principles will reproduce upon the last land of the Occident the fearful tragedies of Greece or of Rome, or will precipitate another Reign of Terror, that shall flood the corruption from our borders on the crimson tide of our brother's blood. While the loyal American is loath to

overcast the present by sombre shadows of imagined disaster, yet he listens to the mutterings of popular discontent with an ear open to their real import. With reverence and with humility should the guardians of the nation strive to respond to the cry of distress sent up by the oppressed and poverty-stricken of America.

But what are these social ills? Symptoms, nothing but symptoms. The disease is deeper. As the physician, by classifying symptoms, discovers the deep cause of bodily ailment, and then applies his remedy to that cause, so shall we endeavor to trace social symptoms to their cause and there to apply the remedy.

The particular problem with which Socialism deals are problems of Political Economy—the Production and Distribution of Wealth.

The four great wealth-producing factors are natural resources, labor, capital and social organization. When these blend in harmonious activity, the production of wealth reaches its maximum. Monopoly of natural resources, the perverted application of capital, strikes and corrupt legislation, resulting in extortionate prices, strangled industries, scarcity of labor, hundreds of millionaires, and millions of poor, cannot be charged to the operation of any law of Political Economy, but rather to the violation of the foundation principles upon which Economic law rests.

Again, the five acknowledged and legitimate channels of distribution are rent, interest, wages, profits and gifts. Through rent, interest and wages, the legitimate monopolist, the capitalist, and the laborer, would receive emoluments equal to the contribution of each to the entire product; and through profits would be received the gain accruing from co-operation and skill. If these laws were unobstructed in their operation, justice would be meted to all, the laborer would be neither idle nor ill-paid, prosperity would bless every home, and the peace of abundance soothe every heart. But scarce half the products of the nation's toil is thus sent on its mission of mercy. Fraud, theft and robbery, whether in official garb or tat-

tered rags, despoil honest labor of its just reward. Bribe legislation directs the streams of need's demands and delivers to the tens, the necessities of the thousands. The gambling of stock exchange is a vampire which sucks the very life-blood from the nation's need. The dragon of monopoly propounds the riddle of "life by competition" to the myriads of struggling underlings, and rends them to fragments when unable to solve it.

Such are the symptoms. The commonwealth ceases to be common and becomes oligarchical. But every act is in view of a motive; what, then, has prompted the violation of these principles, when the inevitable result is so momentous? Thou defaulter, who has pilfered the widows' mites, and the orphans' pennies entrusted to thy faithless care; thou king of mines, who hast hoarded the hard earnings that should have bought bread; thou rum-seller, whose vile vocation is to blight youth, to damn men, to break the mother's heart, and crush the wife's spirit; thou money king, who art gloating o'er wealth that has left many a foot shoeless and many a hearth cold, humanity demands somewhat of thee. Answer, before God and man. "For what hast thou oppressed thy brother?" List, how the truth condemns them! Reluctantly they mutter: "Self." Ah! well answered. Guilty, depart. There is the subtle, the real cause of social corruption and disease—selfishness, the source of all human woe, the replenisher of Hell. Assume any other as the cause and all treatment is futile. Face to face we come to the perplexing question: "What remedy is efficient?"

Do the proposed methods attack the real cause of social corruption? Worse than idle is any antidote which proposes to destroy the symptoms of disease, without eradicating its cause. Extreme socialism, nationalism, anarchism and communism, deal with symptoms, nor with causes. They operate superficially, attempting to annihilate the outgrowth of an evil, the cause of which they cannot reach. They seek to reform by negatives. They would supply all by denying the rights of any. They cancel individual responsibility, invite despotism. They

smother enterprise; make the poor poorer; the indolent more indolent; the leeches of society more numerous by the bestowal of unwise charities. They call robbery, justice, by presenting to the thief what he would have stolen. He is a thief still. "They strive to solve the problem of suffering without eliminating the element of sin." As long as selfishness is the power that impels men to violate economic law, and to seek in every industry and enterprise a philosopher's stone, so long will gaunt poverty and glutted wealth curse the land we love. If we would stem this mighty flood of corruption, assuredly must we go to its source, the motive power of man, his affections, and desires, his heart—the man. Any system, method, or ism, which reaches not this source, falls paralyzed and powerless.

Whither must we look for a principle or a power adequate to the demand? The demand is moral, the answer must be moral. Is bare Ethics sufficient? A glance at history reveals the answer. Emerging from the depths of barbarism, grand in his solitude, wonderful in his achievements, a Confucius taught a morality surpassed only by the living precepts of the humble Nazarene. But to-day China is a heathen nation. Greece, the morning star of civilization, scoffed at her Socrates and demonstrated the weakness of man's morality by drowning its utterances in the silence of the poison bowl. Even Israel, the chosen of God, is wandering, the vagabond of the nations, for clinging to former morality, and rejecting the life-giving principles of the God-man. Nothing but a vitalized morality, a morality whose obligations spring from Jehovah, a morality whose expression is the brotherhood of man under the fatherhood of God, a morality whose code is the precept of the Son of Love. "Love one another even as I have loved you." Nothing but such a power can hurl the demon of selfishness to the pit and save our beloved America. Such a power is Applied Christianity. The perfect Man was the ideal Socialist. In his life were revealed and applied all the principles, which, if actualized in America, would make a

divine-human commonwealth. By his disciples were taught the essentials of ideal socialism.

When Competition follows the Golden Rule, when Monopoly recognizes that "the love of money is the root of all evil," when Wealth loves its neighbor as itself, when men are brothers in the Christ-like sense, then, and not till then, will selfishness be annihilated, and social problems be solved. Economic law will be disenthralled and free to work the public weal, and to its salutary operation will be added the blessings of brotherhood.

Americans, are we proud of our freedom? Do we glory in our liberty? Omniscience has granted them only that we might prove worthy the boon. What has made dear to the heart of every American, the men whose loves and lives have been lavished upon the fatherland? Applied Christianity. What has traced the names of Washington, of Lincoln, and Garfield in garlands of glory upon America's honor-roll? Applied Christianity. As the existence of the nation was made sure by Washington, Lincoln, and Garfield, as parent, preserver and purifier of the nation, so the country's destiny depends upon the application of this same Christianity to the heart and life of every citizen. With Emerson we would say: "We live in a new and exceptional age. America is another name for opportunity. Our whole history appears like a last effort of Divine Providence on behalf of the human race." America saved, the world saved. Every day is an epoch; every hour a crisis. The nations are watching the struggle. Well might our own Longfellow sing:

"Thou, too, sail on, oh, ship of state!
Sail on, oh, Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hope of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!"

GINEVRA.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

[As recited by Miss Bertha Beatrice Lash, Public Reader.]

So it is come! The doctor's glossy smile
Deceives me not. I saw him shake his head,
Whispering, and heard poor Giulia sob without,
As, slowly creaking, he went down the stair.
Were they afraid that I should be afraid?
I, who have died once and been laid in tomb?
They need not.

Little one, look not so pale.
I am not raving. Ah! you never heard
The story. Climb up there upon the bed:
Sit close, and listen. After this one day
I shall not tell you stories any more.

How old are you, my rose? What! almost twelve?
Almost a woman! Scarcely more than that
Was your fair mother when she bore her bud;
And scarcely more was I when, long years since,
I left my father's house, a bride in May.
You know the house, beside St. Andrea's church,
Gloomy and rich, which stands and seems to frown
On the Mercato, humming at its base.
That was my play-place ever as a child;
And with me used to play a kinsman's son,
Antonio Rondinelli. Ah, dear days!
Two happy things we were, with none to chide
Or hint that life was anything but play.

Sudden the play-time ended. All at once
"You must be wed," they told me. "What is wed?"
I asked; but with the word I bent my brow,
Let them put on the garland, smiled to see
The glancing jewels tied about my neck;
And so, half-pleased, half-puzzled, was led forth
By my grave husband, older than my sire.

O the long years that followed! It would seem
That the sun never shone in all those years,
Or only with a sudden, troubled glint
Flashed on Antonio's curls, as he went by
Doffing his cap, with eyes of wistful love
Raised to my face—my conscious, woeful face.

Were we so much to blame? Our lives had twined
Together, none forbidding, for so long.
They let our childish fingers drop the seed,
Unhindered, which should ripen to tall grain;
They let the firm, small roots tangle and grow,
Then rent them, careless that it hurt the plant.
I loved Antonio, and he loved me.

Life was all shadow, but it was not sin!
I loved Antonio; but I kept me pure,
Not for my husband's sake, but for the sake
Of him my first-born child, my little child,
Mine for a few short weeks, whose touch, whose look
Thrilled all my soul and thrills it to this day.
I loved; but, hear me swear, I kept me pure!
(Remember that, Madonna, when I come
Before thy throne to-morrow. Be not stern,
Or gaze upon me with reproachful look,
Making my little angel hide his face
And weep, while all the others turn glad eyes
Rejoicing on their mothers.)

It was hard
To sit in darkness while the rest had light,
To move to discords when the rest had song,
To be so young and never to have lived.
I bore, as women bear, until one day
Soul said to flesh, "This I endure no more,"
And with the word uprose, tore clay apart,
And what was blank before grew blanker still.

It was a fever, so the leeches said.
I had been dead so long, I did not know

The difference or heed. Oil on my breast,
The garments of the grave about me wrapped,
They bore me forth and laid me in the tomb.

Open the curtain, child. Yes, it is night.
It was night then, when I awoke to feel
That deadly chill, and see by ghostly gleams
Of moonlight, creeping through the grated door,
The coffins of my fathers all about.
Strange, hollow clamors rang and echoed back,
As struggling out of mine, I dropped and fell;
With frantic strength I beat upon the grate.
It yielded to my touch. Some careless hand
Had left the bolt half-slipped. My father swore
Afterward, with a curse, he would make sure
Next time. Next time. That hurts me even now!
Dead or alive I issued, scarce sure which,
And down the darkling street I wildly fled,
Led by a little, cold, and wandering moon,
Which seemed as lonely and as lost as I.
I had no aim, save to reach warmth and light
And human touch; but still my witless steps
Led to my husband's door, and there I stopped
By instinct, knocked, and called.

A window oped.
A voice—'twas his—demanded: "Who is there?"
"'Tis I, Ginevra." Then I heard the tone
Change into horror, and he prayed aloud
And called upon the saints, the while I urged,
"O, let me in, Francesco; let me in!
I am so cold, so frightened, let me in!"
Then with a crash, the window was shut fast:
And, though I cried and beat upon the door
And wailed aloud, no other answer came.

Weeping, I turned away, and feebly strove
Down the hard distance toward my father's house.
"They will have pity and let me in,"

I thought. "They loved me and will let me in."
Cowards! At the high window overhead
They stood and trembled, while I plead and prayed.
"I am your child, Ginevra. Let me in!
I am not dead. In mercy, let me in!"
"The holy saints forbid!" declared my sire.
My mother sobbed and vowed whole pounds of wax
To St. Eustachio, would he but remove
This fearful presence from her door. Then sharp
Came click of lock, and a long tube was thrust
From out the window, and my brother cried,
"Spirit or devil, go! or else I fire!"
Where should I go? Back to the ghastly tomb
And the cold coffined ones! Up the long street,
Wringing my hands and sobbing low, I went.
My feet were bare and bleeding from the stones;
My hands were bleeding too; my hair hung loose
Over my shroud. So wild and strange a shape
Saw never Florence since.

At last I saw a flickering point of light
High overhead, in a dim window set.
I had lain down to die: but at the sight
I rose, crawled on, and with expiring strength
Knocked, sank again, and knew not even then
It was Antonio's door by which I lay.
A window opened, and a voice called out:
"Qui e?" "I am Ginevra." And I thought,
"Now he will fall to trembling, like the rest,
And bid me hence." But, lo, a moment more
The bolts were drawn, and arms whose very touch
Was life, lifted and clasped and bore me in.
"O ghost or angel of my buried love,
I know not, care not which, be welcome here!
Welcome, thrice welcome, to this heart of mine!"
I heard him say, and then I heard no more.

It was high noontide when I woke again,
To hear fierce voices wrangling by my bed—

My father's and my husband's; for, with dawn,
 Gathering up valor, they had sought the tomb,
 Had found me gone, and tracked my bleeding feet,
 Over the pavement to Antonio's door.
 Dead, they cared nothing; living, I was theirs.
 Hot raged the quarrel; then came Justice in,
 And to the court we swept—I in my shroud—
 To try the cause.

This was the verdict given:
 "A woman who has been to burial borne,
 Made fast and left and locked in with the dead;
 Who at her husband's door has stood and plead
 For entrance, and has heard her prayer denied;
 Who from her father's house is urged and chased,
 Must be adjudged as dead in law and fact.
 The Court pronounces the defendant—dead!
 She can resume her former ties at will,
 Or may renounce them, if such be her will.
 She is no more a daughter or a spouse,
 Unless she choose, and is set free to form
 New ties if so she choose."

O blessed words!
 That very day we knelt before the priest,
 My love and I, were wed, and life began.

Child of my child, child of Antonio's child,
 Bend down and let me kiss your wondering face.
 'Tis a strange tale to tell a rose like you.
 But time is brief, and, had I told you not,
 Haply the story would have met your ears
 From them, the Amieris, my own blood,
 Now turn to gall, whose foul and bitter lips
 Will wag with lies when once my lips are dumb.
 (Pardon me, Virgin. I was gentle once,
 And thou hast seen my wrongs. Thou wilt forgive.)
 Now go, my dearest. When they wake thee up,
 To tell thee I am dead, be not too sad.

I who have died once, do not fear to die.
Sweet was that waking, sweeter will be this.
Close to Heaven's gate my own Antonio sits
Waiting, and, spite of all the Frati say,
I know I shall not stand long at that gate,
Or knock and be refused an entrance there,
For he will start up when he hears my voice,
The saints will smile, and he will open quick.
Only a night to part me from that joy.
Jesu Maria! let the dawning come!

"HE AND SHE."

EDWIN ARNOLD.

[As recited by Emma C. Lindberg, Public Reader.]

"She is dead!" They said to him: "Come away,
Kiss her and leave her—thy love is clay!"

They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair;
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair;

Over her eyes that gazed too much,
They drew the lids with a gentle touch;

With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet thin lips that had secrets to tell;

About her brows and beautiful face
They tied her veil and her marriage lace,

And drew on her white feet her white silk shoes;
Which were the whitest, no eye could choose.

And over her bosom they crossed her hands—
"Come away!" they said—"God understands."

And there was silence, and nothing there
But silence, and scents of eglantere,

And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary;
And they said: "As a lady should lie, lies she."

And they held their breath as they left the room
With a shudder to glance at its stillness and gloom.

But he who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead,

He lit his lamp, and took the key
And turned it—alone again—he and she.

He and she; but she would not speak,
Tho' he kissed, in the old place, the quiet cheek.

He and she; yet she would not smile,
Tho' he called her the name she loved erewhile.

He and she; still she did not move
To any one passionate whisper of love.

Then he said: "Cold lips and breast without breath,
Is there no voice, no language of death,

"Dumb to the ear, and still to the sense,
But to heart and to soul distinct, intense?"

"See now; I will listen with soul, not ear;
What was the secret of dying, dear?"

"Was it the infinite wonder of all
That you ever could let life's flower fall?"

"Or was it a greater marvel to feel
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?"

"Was the miracle greater to find how deep
Beyond all dreams sank downward that sleep?

"Did life roll back its records, dear,
And show, as they say it does, past things clear?

"And was it the innermost heart of the bliss
To find out so, what a wisdom love is?

"O perfect dead! O dead most dear,
I hold the breath of my soul to hear!

"I listen as deep as to horrible hell
As high as to Heaven, and you do not tell!

"There must be pleasure in dying, sweet,
To make you so placid from head to feet.

"I would tell you, darling, if I were dead,
And 'twere your hot tears upon my brow shed—

"I would say, though the Angel of Death had laid
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.

"You should not ask vainly, with streaming eyes,
Which of all deaths was the chiefest surprise—

"The very strangest and suddenest thing
Of all the surprises that dying must bring."

Ah, foolish world; Oh, most kind dead!
Though he told me, who will believe it was said?

Who will believe that he heard her say
With the sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way:

"The utmost wonder is this—I hear
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear;

"And am your angel, who was your bride,
And know that, though dead, I have never died."

PETER MULROONEY AND THE BLACK
FILLY.

Kitchen maids are so often bothered in their household duties by the gallantries of the man servants, that my wife had selected one from the Congo race of negroes, ugly to look at, but good tempered, and black as your hat. Phillis was her name, and a more faithful, devoted, and patient creature we never had around us. I have thus introduced her to my hearers because she was a conspicuous personage in some of the droll incidents connected with my taking into service a queer specimen of a Patlander, by name Peter Mulrooney.

Mulrooney applied to me for a situation as groom, in the place of one I had just dismissed; and on my inquiring if he could give me a reference as to his character and qualifications, he mentioned the name of Mr. David Urban (a personal friend of mine), with whom he had lived. "An' sure," said he with enthusiasm, "there isn't a dacenter jintleman in all Ameriky."

"I am happy to hear him so well spoken of," said I; "but if you were so much attached to him, why did you quit his service?"

"Sorra one o' me knows," said he, a little evasively, as I thought. "Ayeh! but 'twasn't his fault, anyhow."

"I dare say not; but what did you do after you left Mr. Urban?"

"Och, bad luck to me sir! 'twas the foolishhest thing in the world. I married a widdy, sir."

"And became a householder, eh?"

"Augh!" he exclaimed, with an expression of intense disgust, "the house wouldn't hould me long; 'twas too hot for that, I does be thinkin'."

"Humph! You found the widow too fond of having her own way, I suppose?"

"Thrue for you, sir; an' a mighty crooked way it was, that same, an' that's no lie."

"She managed to keep you straight, I dare say."

"Straight! Och, by the powhers, Mистер Stanley, ye may say that! If I'd swallowed a soger's ramrod, 'tisin't straighter I'd have been!"

"And the result was, that, not approving the widow's discipline, you ran away and left her?"

"Sure, sir, 'twas asier done nor that. Her first husband, bettther luck to him, saved me the throuble."

"Her first husband! Had she another husband living?"

"Oh, yis, sir; one Mike Connolly, a sayfarin' man, who was reported dead; but he came back one day, an' I re-sthored him his wife and childher. Oh, but 'twas a proud man I was, to be able to comfort poor Mike, by givin' him his lost wife—an' he so grateful, too! Ah, sir, he had a ra'al Irish heart."

Being favorably impressed with Peter's genuine good-humor, I concluded to take him at once into my service. Nor was I mistaken in his character, for he took excellent care of my horses, and kept everything snug around the stables. One day I thought I would test his usefulness in doctoring; so I sent for him to the house.

"Peter," said I, "do you think I could trust you to give the black filly a warm mash this evening?"

As he stared at me for a minute or two without replying, I repeated the question.

"Is it a mash, sir?" said he. "Sure, an' I'd like to be plaslin' yer honor any way, an' that's no lie."

As he spoke, however, I fancied I saw a strange sort of puzzled expression flit across his face.

"I beg pardin, sir," continued he, "but 'tis bothered I am; will I be after givin' her an ould counthry mash, or an Ameriky mash?"

"I don't know if there is any difference between them," I answered, rather puzzled at what he was aiming; but I found afterwards that he didn't know what a mash was.

"Arrah, 'tis rasonable enough ye shouldn't," said Peter, considerin' that yer honor niver set fut in ould Ireland."

"Look here, Mulrooney," said I, impatiently, "I want you to put about two double handfuls of bran into a pail of warm water, and, after stirring the mixture well, give it to the black filly. That is what we call a bran mash in

this country. Now, do you perfectly understand me?"

"Good luck to yer honor!" replied Peter, looking much relieved; for he had got the information he was fishing for. "Good luck to yer honor! what 'ud I be good for, if I didn't! Sure, 'tis the ould counthry mash after all."

"Perhaps so; but be sure you make no mistake."

"Oh, niver fear, sir, I'll do it illegant; but about the warm wather?"

"There's plenty to be had in the kitchen."

"An' the naygur! Will I say till her it's yer honor's orther's?" inquired Peter, earnestly.

"Certainly; she'll make no difficulty."

"Oh, begorra! 'tisn't a traneeen I care for that; but will I give her the full ov the bucket, sir?"

"'Twill do her no harm," said I, carelessly. With that Peter made his best bow and left my presence.

It might have been some fifteen minutes after this that my wife, who was a little unwell that day, came into the sitting-room, saying: "I wish you'd go into the kitchen, George, and see what's the difficulty between that Irishman and Phillis; I am afraid they are quarrelling."

At that moment we heard a crash and a suppressed shriek. I hurried from the room, and soon heard, as I passed through the hall, an increasing clamor in the kitchen beyond. First came the shrill voice of Phillis.

"You jess lebe me 'lone now, will yer? I won't hab nuffin to do wid de stuff, nairway."

"You ugly an' conthrary ould naygur, don't I tell ye 'tis the masher's ordhers?" I heard Peter respond.

"Tain't no sech ting. Go way, you poor white Irish trash! Who ebber heard ob 'spectable color'd woman a takin' a bran mash, I'd like to know."

The reality of Peter's ridiculous blunder flashed upon me at once, and the fun of the thing struck me so irresistibly, that I hesitated for a moment to break in upon it.

"Arrah, be aisy, can't ye? an' be afther takin' it down like a dacent nagyur," I heard Peter say.

"Go way, you feller," screamed Phillis, "or I'll call missis, dat I will."

"Och, be this an' be that!" says Peter, resolutely, "if 'tis about to frighten the beautiful misthress ye are, and she sick, too, at this same time, I'll be after puttin' a sthoph to that."

Immediately afterwards came a short scuffle, and then a stifled scream. Concluding that it was now time for me to interfere, I moved quickly on, and just as the scuffling gave way to smothered sobs and broken ejaculations, I flung open the door and looked in. The first thing that caught my eye was Phillis seated in a chair, sputtering and gasping; while Mulrooney, holding her head under his left arm, was employing his right hand in conveying a tin cup of bran mash from the bucket at his side to her upturned mouth.

"What in the name of all that is good are you doing now, Peter?" said I.

"Sure, sir, what wud I do but give black Phillis the warm mash, accordin' to yer honor's ordhers? Augh! the haythen. Bad cess to her! 'tis throuble enough I've had to make her rasonable and obadient, an' that's no lie—the stupid ould thafe of a naygur."

The reader may imagine the finale to so rich a scene; even my wife, sick as she was, caught the infection, and laughed heartily. As for Peter, the last I heard of him that evening was his muttering, as he walked away—

"Ayeh! why didn't he tell me? If they call naygurs fillies, and horses fillies, sure an' how the divil should I know the differ?"

Peter remained in my service five years, during which period he treated Phillis with great deference.

THE BRIDE OF THE GREEK ISLE.

MRS. FELECIA HEMANS.

[As recited by Mrs. Rosina Perry Morey, Public Reader.]

Still and sweet was the home that stood
In the flowering depths of a Grecian wood,

With the soft green light o'er its low roof spread,
As if from the glow of an emerald shed,
Pouring through lime-leaves that mingled on high,
Asleep in the silence of noon's clear sky.
Citrons amidst their dark foliage glowed,
Making a gleam 'round the lone abode;
Laurels o'erhanging it, whose faintest shiver
Scattered out rays like a glancing river;
Stars of the jasmine its pillars crowned,
Vine-stalks its lattice and walls had bound,
And brightly before it a fountain's play
Flung showers through a thicket of glossy bay,
To a cypress which rose in that flashing rain,
Like one tall shaft of some fallen fane.

And thither Ianthis had brought his bride,
And the guests were met by that fountain-side;
They lifted the veil from Eudora's face,
It smiled out softly in pensive grace,
With lips of love, and a brow serene,
Meet for the soul of the deep wood scene.—
Bring wine, bring odors!—The board is spread—
Bring roses! a chaplet for every head!
The wine cups foamed, and the rose was showered
On the young and fair from the world embowered,
The sun looked not on them in that sweet shade,
The winds amid scented boughs were laid;
But there came by fits, through some wavy tree,
A sound and a gleam of the moaning sea.

Hush! be still!—Was that no more
Than the murmur from the shore?
Silence!—Did thick rain-drops beat
On the grass like trampling feet?—
Fling down the goblet, and draw the sword!
The groves are filled with a pirate-horde!
Through the dim olives their sabres shine;—
Now must the red blood stream for wine!

The youth from the banquet to battle sprang,
The woods with the shriek of the maidens rang;
Under the golden-fruited boughs
There were flashing poniards and darkening brows,
Footsteps o'er garland and lyre that fled,
And the dying strewn on a greensward bed.

Eudora, Eudora! thou dost not fly!—
She saw but Ianthis before her lie,
With the blood from his breast in a gushing flow,
Like a child's large tears in its hour of woe,
And a gathering film in his lifted eye,
That sought his young bride mournfully.—
She knelt down beside him, her arms she wound,
Like tendrils, his drooping neck around,
As if the passion of that fond grasp
Might chain in life with its ivy-clasp.
But they tore her thence in her wild despair,
The sea's fierce rovers—they left him there;
They left to the fountain a dark-red vein,
And on the wet violets a pile of slain,
And a hush of fear through the summer grove:
So closed the triumph of youth and love!

Gloomy lay the shore that night,
When the moon, with sleeping light,
Bathed each purple Sciote hill,—
Gloomy lay the shore, and still.
O'er the wave no gay guitar
Sent its floating music far;
No glad sound of dancing feet
Woke, the starry hours to greet.
But a voice of mortal woe,
In its changes wild or low,
Through the midnight's blue repose,
From the sea-beat rocks arose,
As Eudora's mother stood
Gazing on th' Egean flood,
With a fixed and straining eye—

Oh! was the spoilers' vessel nigh?
Yes! there, becalmed in silent sleep,
Dark and alone on a breathless deep,
On a sea of molten silver dark,
Brooding it frowned that evil bark!
There its broad pennon a shadow cast,
Moveless and black from the tall still mast,
And the heavy sound of its flapping sail,
Idly and vainly wooed the gale.
Hushed was all else—had ocean's breast
Rocked e'en Eudora that hour to rest?

To rest?—The waves tremble! What piercing cry
Bursts from the heart of the ship on high?
What light through the heavens, in a sudden spire,
Shoots from the deck up? Fire! 'tis fire!
There are wild forms hurrying to and fro,
Seen darkly clear on that lurid glow;
There are shout, and signal-gun, and call,
And the dashing of water,—but fruitless all!
Man may not fetter, nor ocean tame
The might and wrath of the rushing flame!
It hath twined the mast like a glittering snake,
That coils up a tree from a dusky brake;
It hath touched the sails, and their canvas rolls
Away from its breath into shrivelled scrolls;
It hath taken the flag's high place in air,
And reddened the stars with its wavy glare,
And sent out bright arrows, and soared in glee,
To a burning mount midst the moonlight sea.
The swimmers are plunging from stern and prow—
Eudora, Eudora! where, where art thou?
The slave and his master alike are gone.—
Mother! who stands on the deck alone?
The child of thy bosom!—And lo! a brand
Blazing up high in her lifted hand!
And her veil flung back, and her free dark hair
Swayed by the flames as they rock and flare,
And her fragile form to its loftiest height

Dilated, as if by the spirit's might,
 And her eye with an eagle-gladness fraught,—
 Oh! could this work be of woman wrought?
 Yes! 'twas her deed!—By that haughty smile
 It was hers!—She hath kindled her funeral pile!
 Never might shame on that bright head be,
 Her blood was the Greek's, and hath made her free.
 Proudly she stands, like an Indian bride
 On the pyre with the holy dead beside;
 But a shriek from her mother hath caught her ear,
 As the flames to her marriage-robe draw near,
 And starting, she spreads her pale arms in vain
 To the form they must never infold again.

One moment more, and her hands are clasped,
 Fallen is the torch they had wildly grasped,
 Her sinking knee unto Heaven is bowed,
 And her last look raised through the smoke's dim shroud,
 And her lips as in prayer for her pardon move—
 Now the night gathers o'er youth and love!

FOREIGN VIEWS OF THE STATUE.

FRED EMERSON BROOKS.

[The American Magazine.]

[As recited by *Mr. Arthur Hodder, Public Reader.]

On the deck of a steamer that came up the Bay,
 Some garrulous foreigners gathered one day,
 To vent their opinions on matters and things
 On this side the Atlantic,
 In language pedantic.
 'Twas much the same gathering that any ship brings.

"Ah, look!" said the Frenchman, with pride his lips curled;
 "See ze Liberté Statue enlighten ze world!
 Ze grandest colossal zat evair vas known!

* Deceased.

Thus Bartholdi, he speak:
 Vive la France—Amerique!
 La belle France make ze statue, and God made ze stone!"

Said the Scotchman. "Na need o' yer spak n' sae free!
 The thing is na sma', sir, that we canna see.
 Do ye think that wi'oot ye the iolk couldna tell?
 Sin' 'tis Liberty's Statye,
 I ken na why that ye
 Did na keep it at hame to enlighten yoursel'!"

The Englishman gazed through his watch-crystal eye:
 "'Pon 'onor, by Jove, it is too beastly high!
 A monstwosity, weally, too lawge to be seen!
 In pwoportion, I say,
 It's too lawge faw the Bay.
 So much lawger than one we've at 'ome of the Queen!"

An Italian next joined the colloquial scrimmage:
 "I dress-a my monkey just like-a de image,
 I call-a 'Bartholdi'—Frenchman got-a spunky—
 Call-a me 'Macaroni'
 Lose-a me plendy moany!
 He break-a my organ and keel-a my monkey!

"My-a broder a feesherman, hear-a what he say:
 No more-a he catch-a de feesh in de Bay.
 He drop-a de sein—he no get-a de weesh.
 When he mak-a de grab-a,
 Only catch-a de crab-a.
 De big-a French image scare away all de feesh!"

"By the home rule!" said Pat, "and is *that* Libertee?
 She's the biggest owld woman that iver I see!
 Phy don't she sit down? 'Tis a shame she's to stand.
 But truth is, Oi'm towld,
 That the sthone is too cowl.
 Would ye moind the shillalah she howlds in her hand!"

Said the Cornishman: "Thaät's no ä shillalah,' ye scaämp!
 Looäks to I like Diogenes 'ere wi' 'is laämp,
 Searchin' haärd fur a 'onest maän." "Faith, that is true,"

Muttered Pat, "phat ye say,
 Fur he's lookin' moi way,
 And by the same favor don't recognize you!"

"Shust vait unt I dolt you," said Hans; "vat's der matter;
 It vas von uf dem mermaits doomed ouwd fun der vater:
 Unt she hat noddings on; unt der vintry vind plows,

Unt fur shame, unt fur pidy,
 She vent to der cidy,
 Unt buyed her a suit fun der reaty-mate clo's."

"Me no sabee you Foleners; too muchee talkee!
 You no likee Ídol, you heap takee walkee.
 Him allee same Chinaman velly big Joshee.

Him Unclee Sam gal-ee;
 Catch um lain, no umblallee!
 Heap velly big shirtee—me no likee washee!"

"Oh!" cried Sambo, amazed: "Dat's de cullud man's Lor'
 He's cum back to de earf; somefin' he's lookin' for.

Allus knowed by de halo surroundin' he's brow;

Jess you looken dat crown!
 Jess you looken dat gown!
 Lor' 'a' mussy, I knows I's a gone nigga' now!"

Said the Yankee: "I've heerd ye discussin' her figger;
 And I reckon you strangers hain't seen nuthin' bigger.
 Wall, I hain't much on boastin' but I'll go my pile:

*When you furreners cum
 You'll find her to hum!*

Dew I mean what I say? Wall somewhat—I should smile!

HER LAUGH—IN FOUR FITS.

At ten, a blithesome little maid,
 Restrained by naught but nature's law,

Went roaming o'er the glassy glade
And laughed a merry haw! haw! haw!

At twenty, she was bright and fair,
But now, restrained by her mamma,
She only tossed her golden hair
And laughed a rippling ha! ha! ha!

At thirty, she was more sedate,
And still from wedded bondage free,
She said her time was growing late
And laughed a yearning he! he! he!

At forty, she despaired of joy,
For none had come her heart to woo,
She sighed for either man or boy,
And laughed a doleful who! who! who!

THE CHAMPION SNORER.

BURLINGTON HAWKEYE.

[Recited by Cora Mel Patten, Public Reader.]

It was the Cedar Rapids sleeper. Outside it was as dark as the inside of an ink-bottle. In the sleeping-car people slept. Or tried it.

Some of them slept like Christian men and women, peacefully and sweetly and quietly.

Others slept like demons, malignantly, hideously, fiendishly, as though it was their mission to keep everybody else awake.

Of these the man in lower number three was the "boss." When it came to a square snore, with variations, you wanted to count "lower three" in—with a full hand and a pocket full of rocks.

We never heard anything snore like him. It was the most systematic snoring that was ever done, even on one of these tournaments of snoring, a sleeping-car. He

didn't begin as soon as the lamps were turned and everybody was in bed. Oh no! There was more cold-blooded diabolism in his system than that. He waited until everybody had had a taste of sleep, just to see how nice and pleasant it was, and then he broke in on their slumbers like a winged, breathing demon, and they never knew what peace was again that night.

He started out with a terrific

"Gu-r-r-rt!"

that opened every eye in the car. We all hoped it was an accident, however, and trusting that he wouldn't do it again, we all forgave him. Then he blasted our hopes and curdled the sweet serenity of our forgiveness by a long-drawn

"Gw-a-h-h-hah!"

that sounded too much like business to be accidental. Then every head in that sleepless sleeper was held off the pillow for a minute, waiting in breathless suspense to hear the worst, and the sleeper in "lower three" went on in long-drawn, regular cadences that indicated good staying qualities.

"Gwa-a-a-h! Gwa-a-a-a-h! Gahwayway! Gahway-wah! Gahwa-a-ah!"

Evidently it was going to last all night, and the weary heads dropped back on the sleepless pillows and the swearing began. It mumbled along in low, muttering tones, like the distant echoes of a profane thunder storm. Pretty soon "lower three" gave us a little variation. He shot off a spiteful

"Gwook!"

which sounded as though his nose had got mad at him and was going to strike. Then there was a pause, and we began to hope he had either awakened from sleep or strangled to death—nobody cared very particularly which. But he disappointed everybody with a guttural

"Gurroch!"

Then he paused again for breath, and when he had accumulated enough for his purpose he resumed business with a stentorious

"Kowpff!"

that nearly shook the roof off the car. Then he went on playing such fantastic tricks with his nose, and breathing things that would make the immortal gods weep, if they did but hear him. It seemed an utter preposterous impossibility that any human being could make the monstrous, hideous noises with its breathing machine that the fellow in "lower three" was making with his. He then ran through all the ranges of the usual gamut; he went up and down a very chromatic scale of snores; he ran through intricate and fearful variations until it seemed that his nose must be out of joint in a thousand places. All the night and all the day through he told his story.

"Gawoh! gurrah! gur-r-r! Kowpff! Gawawwah! gawah-hah! gwock! gwart! gwah-h-h-h woof!"

Just as the other passengers had consulted together how they might slay him, morning dawned, and "lower number three" awoke. Everybody watched the curtain to see what manner of man it was that made the sleeping-car a pandemonium. Presently the toilet was completed, the curtains parted, and "lower number three" stood revealed.

Great heavens!

It was a fair young girl, with golden hair and timid, pleading eyes, like a hunter's fawn.

THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST.

S. W. FOSS.

The great big church wuz crowded full uv broadcloth an'
of silk,
An' satins rich as cream thet grows on our ol' brindle's
milk;
Shined boots, biled shirts, stiff dickeys, an' stove-pipe hats
were there,
An' dudes 'ith trouserloons so tight they couldn't kneel
down in prayer.

The elder in his poolpit high, said, as he slowly riz:
"Our organist is kep' to hum, laid up 'ith roomatiz,
An' as we hev no substitoot, as brother Moore ain't here,
Will some 'un in the congregation be so kind's to vol-
unteer?"

An' then a red-nosed, blear-eyed tramp, of low-toned,
rowdy style,
Give an interductory hiccup, an' then swaggered up the
aisle.
Then thro' that holy atmosphere there crep' a sense er sin,
An' thro' thet air of sanctity the odor uv ol' gin.

Then Deacon Purington he yelled, his teeth all set on edge:
"This man profanes the house er God! W'y, this is
sacrilege!"
The tramp didn't hear a word he said, but slouched 'ith
stumblin' feet,
An' stalked an' swaggered up the steps, an' gained the
organ seat.

He then went pawin' thro' the keys, an' soon there rose a
strain
Thet seemed to jest bulge out the heart an' 'lectrify the
brain;
An' then he slapped down on the thing 'ith hands an' head
an' knees,
He slam-dashed his hull body down kerflop upon the keys.

The organ roared, the music flood went sweepin' high an'
dry,
It swelled into the rafters, an' bulged out into the sky;
The ol' church shook and staggered, an' seemed to reel
an' sway,
An' the elder shouted "Glory!" an' I yelled out "Hooray!"

An' then he tried a tender strain thet melted in our ears,
Thet brought up blessed memories and drenched 'em
down 'ith tears;

An' we dreamed uv ol' time kitchens, 'ith Tabby on the
mat,
Uv home an' luv an' baby days, an' mother, an' all that!

An' then he struck a streak uv hope—a song from souls
forgiven—
Thet burst from prison bars uv sin, an' stormed the gates
uv heaven;
The morning stars together sung—no soul wuz left alone—
We felt the universe wuz safe, an' God was on His throne!

An' then a wail of deep despair an' darkness come again,
An' long, black crape hung on the doors uv all the homes
uv men;
No luv, no light, no joy, no hope, no songs of glad delight,
An' then—the tramp, he swaggered down an' reeled out
into the night!

But we knew he'd tol' his story, tho' he never spoke a word,
An' it was the saddest story thet our ears had ever heard;
He hed tol' his own life history, an' no eye was dry thet
day,
W'en the elder rose an' simply said: "My brethren, let
us pray."

"HE WASN'T IN IT."

[Detroit Free Press.]

They built a church at his very door—
"He wasn't in it."
They brought him a scheme for relieving the poor—
"He wasn't in it."
Let them work for themselves, as he had done,
They wouldn't ask help of any one
If they hadn't wasted each golden minute—
"He wasn't in it."
So he passed the poor with haughty tread—
"He wasn't in it."

When men in the halls of virtue met
 He saw their goodness without regret;
 Too high the mark for him to win it—

“He wasn’t in it.”

A carriage crept down the street one day—

“He was in it.”

The funeral trappings made a display—

“He was in it.”

St. Peter received him with book and bell;

“My friend, you have purchased a ticket to—well,

Your elevator goes down in a minute,”

“He was in it.”

A ROMANCE OF THE GANGES.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

[Recited by Miss Eleanor H. Denig, Teacher of Delsarte, Soper School of Oratory.]

Seven maidens 'neath the midnight
 Stand near the river sea,
 Whose water weepeth white around
 The shadow of the tree.
 The moon and earth are face to face,
 And earth is slumbering deep;
 The wave-voice seems the voice of dreams
 That wander through her sleep.
 The river floweth on.

The maidens lean them over
 The waters, side by side,
 And shun each other's deepening eyes,
 And gaze adown the tide:
 For each within a little boat
 A little lamp hath put,
 And heaped for freight some lily's weight
 Or scarlet rose half shut.

Of a shell of cocoa carven,
 Each little boat is made:

Each carries a lamp and carries a flower,
And carries a hope unsaid.
And when the boat hath carried the lamp
Unquenched till out of sight,
The maidens are sure that love will endure,
But love will fail with light.

Six boats are on the river,
Seven maidens on the shore;
While still above them steadfastly
The stars shine evermore.
Go, little boats, go soft and safe
And guard the symbol spark.
The boats aright go safe and bright
Across the waters dark.
The river floweth on.

The maiden Luti watcheth
Where onwardly they float.
That look in her dilating eyes
Might seem to drive her boat;
Her eyes still mark the constant fire,
And kindling unawares
That hopeful while, she lets a smile
Creep silent through her prayers.
The river floweth on.

The smile—where hath it wandered?
She riseth from her knee,
She holds her dark, wet locks away—
There is no light to see.
She cries and quick and bitter cry—
“Nuleeni, launch’ me thine.
We must have light aboard to-night,
For all the wreck of mine.”

“Come thou—thou never knewest
A grief that thou shouldst fear one.
Thou wearest still the happy look
That shines beneath a dear one.

Thy humming-bird is in the sun,
Thy cuckoo in the grove;
And all the three broad worlds, for thee
Are full of wandering love."
The river floweth on.

"Why, maiden, dost thou loiter?
What secret would'st thou cover?
That peepul cannot hide thy boat,
And I can guess thy lover;
I heard thee sob his name in sleep;
It was a name I knew—
Come, little maid, be not afraid—
But let us prove him true."
The river floweth on.

The little maiden cometh—
She cometh shy and slow;
I ween she seeth through her lids,
They drop adown so low;
Her tresses meet her small bare feet—
She stands and speaketh nought,
Yet blusheth red, as if she said
The name she only thought.

She knelt beside the water,
She lighted up the flame,
And o'er her youthful forehead's calm
The fitful radiance came:—
"Go, little boat; go, soft and safe,
And guard the symbol spark."
Soft, safe, doth float the little boat
Across the waters dark.
The river floweth on.

Glad tears her eyes have blinded;
The light they cannot reach;
She turneth with that sudden smile
She learnt before her speech—

"I do not hear his voice, the tears
Have dimmed my light away.
But the symbol light will last to-night
The love will last for aye."

Then Luti spake behind her—
Out spake her bitterly:
"By the symbol light that lasts to-night,
Wilt vow a vow to me?—
Nuleeni gazed upon her face—
Soft answer maketh she:
"By loves that last when lights are past,
I vow that vow to thee."

An earthly look had Luti,
Though her voice was deep as prayer:
"The rice is gathered from the plains
To cast upon thine hair.
But when he comes, his marriage band
Around thy neck to throw,
Thy bride-smile raise to meet his gaze,
And whisper,—There is one betrays,
When Luti suffers woe."

"And when in seasons after,
Thy little bright faced son
Shall lean against thy knee and ask
What deeds his sire hath done,
Press deeper down thy mother smile
His glossy curls among—
View deep his pretty, childish eyes,
And whisper,—'There is none denies,
When Luti speaks of wrong.'"

Nuleeni looked in wonder,
Yet softly answered she—
"By loves that last when lights are past,
I vowed that vow to thee;

But why glads it thee that a bride-day be
By a word of woe defiled?
That a word of wrong takes the cradle-song
From the ear of a sinless child?"

"Why," Luti said, and her voice was dread,
And her eyes dilated wild—
"That the fair new love may her bride-groom prove,
And the father shame the child."

"Thou flowest still, O river,
Thou flowest 'neath the moon—
Thy lily hath not changed a leaf,
Thy charmed lute a tune.
He mixed his voice with thine—and his
Was all I heard around;
But now, beside his chosen bride,
I hear the river's sound."

"I gaze upon her beauty
Through the tresses that enwreath it:
The light above thy wave is hers—
My rest, alone beneath it.
Oh, give me back the dying look
My father gave thy water,
Give back,—and let a little love
O'erwatch his weary daughter."

"Give back,"—she hath departed—
The word is wandering with her;
And the stricken maidens hear afar
The step and cry together.
Frail symbols! None are fail enow
For mortal joys to borrow,—
While bright doth float Nuleeni's boat,
She weepeth, dark with sorrow.
The river floweth on.

A DARKY'S IDEAL WIFE.

BELLE R. HARRISON.

[From Scrap Collection of Elva A. Talcott.]

"Haz yer eny stomped antelopes fur sale, boss?"

"Stomped what?" said the astonished proprietor of the country store.

"Stomped antelopes, dat yer put a letter in, an' sen' it to de pos' office. I promised Florinda I gwine write her er letter, an' I boun' ter keep my word."

"Yes, I have plenty of those, but who is Florinda?"

"She's my wife, boss, or leastways when I get my crap laid by I 'low ter git er license, an' gin her dat entitlement. Eber sense I had de ler grip las' winter, an' de ler manarial fever in de summer-time, I'ze had er misery in my chist, an' been kin'er po'ly, thank God, an' need somebody to take keer 'er me, so I dun 'cided ter git married.

"Dis comin' spring Florinda Jane kin help me powerful in de crap. She's ez likely er hian' ez ever you seed in er cotton patch, en Squire Thomas sez if I marries her dat he gwine sell me er acre er lan' ter buil' er house on. Dat he kno' I kin pay fit it den.

"I kinder no count en triffin' like, but Florinda she kno' how ter make buckle an' tongue meet, she do, caze I dun seed her tried. She bin married twist afore dis, do' she's er young 'oman yit; but, say, boss, she's bin powerful misfortunate. Her fust husban' got woun' up in er cotton screw, en wuz mongreled ter deaf, and 'fore she done mo'nin fur him, her secon' husban he don got sent up for eight years fur hog stealin' an' udder tanglement. It's er widder woman dat I'z gwine marry, yer see?"

"But what will you do when her second husband serves his term and comes home?"

"Well, I dun 'ranged fur dat, boss. I mought be glad ter gin her up when dat time comes, an' ef so, I jus' turn her ober ter him. But ef she ain't sickly, an' I fin' her er likely 'oman ter live wid, den 'fore dat time comes I kin buy divorsement dockermments. I din 'quired inter de

marter, an' \$30 will pay fur all de papers an' de l'yers throwed in. Florinda Jane got er bedstead, an' chist, an' four split bottom cheers, an' er bolster, an' feather bed, an' truck er dat kin' dat is wuth mo'en de papers will cost. It won't be no 'spense ter me, an' I puffcly willin' ef she suits, ter spen' it on her. I don't 'low ter git married widout it's costin' me sumpen. I already gin her 'gagement ring, wid er green glass set in it, an' I low ter buy her er pair year bobs fur er bridal present. Yes, sir, I want her satisfied, caze I dunno what she wants wid me no how, fur I ain't no likely shakes uv er nigger. I s'pose it wuz de ginger-cake color, dat tuck her fancy, dat I disinherited frum my diceasted mudder dat's dead—caze Florinda, she's jest ez dark complected an' shiny ez yore boots. But she suits me jes to er T.

"I want somebody ter patch an' men' fur me, an' cook my victuals done, an' she kin jes fill de bill. Ef she jus' do her part an' mine er bout de house, an' raise de chickens an' de pigs an' de gyardin truck, an' do de cookin' an' de washin' an' splitten up de wood, an' totin' de water, an' comb my ha'r on Sundays, and work in de fiel' Mondays and every udder day when de crap iz am de grass, an' when it's got to be gethered, I'll do my part. Dey ain't nuthin' mean or low lifeted erbout me. I uster b'long ter quality, an' I kno's how ter treat er wife."

"You do, hey." "Well, what's your part?"

"My part iz allers ter 'have in er decent an' 'spectable manner. I nebber specs ter BEAT my wife, 'less she's powerfull aggervatin', nor let no udder nigger do it. I gwine buy her er calico coat an' er pair or shoes an' Miss Malviny's ole hat twist er year, an' let her sing jess ez loud in de meetin' ez she wants ter. Den I gwine let her 'ten' all de funerals dat comes on Sunday an' sit up wid de sick an' eat at de fus table wid me, an' what 'oman, white or black, could spec' mo'en dat?"

"Yes, sir; my wife gwine have er good easy time, ef she's er wuckin' nigger. But ef she's no 'count an' triffin' like me, I gwine git her walkin' papers an' git en nudder I can't s'pote two no 'count niggers. But I don't com-

prehend no trouble wid Florinda Jane, caze she's er wucker frum way back. Course, I dun tole her all dat erbout

"Roses red an' violets blue,
'Lasses sweet, and so iz you,"

en bout

"My lub fur you shall ebber flow
Like water down a tater row."

but I don tole er besides what I gwine marry her fur, an' she knows I don't stan' no foolishness. But, Florinda Jane, she's er likely young gal, she iz, an' I ain't er feared ter buy her er license, I aint.

"Boss, I hates ter trouble yer, but I'd be much erbleeged ef you would put dis letter in de stomped antelope an' back it ter Miss Florinda Jane Whiteside, er Widder 'Oman, kear Brudder-in-law de Foreman in de Brick Yard, Frog Level, Alabama."

THE POPPYLAND LIMITED EXPRESS.

EDGAR WADE ABBOTT.

I.

The first train leaves at six P. M.
For the land where the poppy blows;
The mother dear is the engineer,
And the passenger laughs and crows.

II.

The palace car is the mother's arms;
The whistle, a low sweet strain;
The passenger winks, and nods and blinks,
And goes to sleep in the train.

III.

At eight P. M. the next train starts
For the Poppyland afar,

The summons clear falls on the ear,
"All aboard for the sleeping car."

IV.

But what is the fare to the Poppyland?
I hope it is not too dear.
The fare is this, a hug and a kiss,
And it's paid to the engineer.

V.

So I ask of Him who children took
On His knee in kindness great;
"Take charge, I pray, of the train each day
That leaves at six and eight."

VI.

"Keep watch of the passengers," thus I pray
"For to me they are very dear,
And special ward, O gracious Lord,
O'er the gentle engineer."

THE "SHINER" AND THE WAIFS.

RECITED BY CORA ELMORE.

How that north wind whistled and stung the other day! It was the first signal of a long dreary winter, and even men in overcoats turned sharp corners to get out of the biting blast. Two children, a boy and girl, neither over nine years old, stood shivering in a doorway on Monroe avenue, wishing to go to their lowly home, but dreading the wind. They crept closer and closer to each other, and their chins quivered and their noses grew red as they grew colder. Hundreds of men and women passed up and down without care, but by and by along came a whistling, joval lad of fourteen, who was swinging

his boot-black's kit by a strap, and picking up the steps of some clog-dance. He saw the shivering bits of humanity while others were blind, and halting before them with a "jig jigger-rigger" of his heels and a toss of his box, he called out:

"Kin I borrow them 'ere chins o' yours about an hour?"

"Yes, ma'am," demurely replied the girl.

"I kin, eh?—ho! ho! That's a give-away on me! Be you chickens cold?"

"Yes, ma'am," she answered again.

"And that 'ere cub is your brother, I s'pose? Well, when I'm cold I get warm. What do you do—freeze?"

"Yes, ma'am, if you please," she replied.

"If I please—ha—ha—'nother give-away on me!—Well, you autumn leaves, come along with me. I hain't got no influence on the weather, but I kin smell a hot stove as fur off as the next shiner in this town. Come right over to this store."

He led the way across the street and into an office where there was a fire. He had placed chairs for them when a man came in from a back room and said:

"What do you children want here?"

"Want some of this waste hotness," bluntly replied the shiner. "These 'ere cubs is nigh froze to death, and I brought 'em here to thaw out."

"And we won't even look at you, nor cough, nor sneeze!" added the little girl, as she saw a frown on the man's face.

"That's richness; there's innocence!" laughed the shiner, and the man's face cleared, and he poked up the fire and said they could sit nearer.

"S'pose me'n you chip in and buy 'em somethin' to stay their stomachs?" suggested shiner, all of a sudden. "Tell you what, some of the children in this town don't have a square meal any more'n you'n me wear diamonds. Little gal, are you hungry?"

"Yes, ma'am, if you won't be mad at us," she replied.

The man stood irresolute, but shiner went down into his pocket, rattled around and said:

"Here's ten cents that says they're hungry."

"Well, I'll give as much," replied the man. "You go and buy something, and they can sit here and eat it."

Shiner bought crackers and cheese, and the children ate until he felt obliged to say:

"Now, you cubs, go a leetle bit slow and save the rest for supper. Kin ye find the way home alone?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And do you feel as warm as 'taterbugs rolled up in wool?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"All right, then. We're dead to rights obliged to this man, and I'll black his boots besides. You'd better run along home now. What's ye goin' to tell yer mother?"

"I'll tell her we come awful near going to Heaven; and my little brother he thanks you, too; and now we'll go, and—and thank you, ma'am, ever so many times. Good-by."

The man looked after them through the window, with softer lines in his face than had been there for months. The boy stood outside on the walk and watched them until they had turned a corner, and then exclaimed:

"Phew! but I most feel that I was engaged to that gal!"

MY SHIPS.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

If all the ships I have at sea
Should come a-sailing home to me,
Ah, well, the harbor would not hold
So many ships as there would be,
If all my ships came home to me.

If half my ships came home to me,
And brought their precious freight to me,
Ah, well, I should have wealth as great,
As any king that sits in state,
So rich the treasure there would be,
In half my ships now out at sea.

If but one ship I have at sea
Should come a-sailing home to me,
Ah, well, the storm-clouds then might frown,
For if the others all went down,
Still rich and glad and proud I'd be,
If that one ship came home to me.

If that one ship went down at sea,
And all the others came to me,
Weighed down with gems and wealth untold,
With honor, riches, glory, gold,—
The poorest soul on earth I'd be,
If that *one ship* came not to me:

O skies, be calm! O winds, blow free!
Blow all my ships safe home to me;
But if thou sendest some awrack,
To nevermore come sailing back,
Send any, all that skim the sea,
But send my Love ship home to me.

WHAT BECAME OF THE KITTEN.

Aunty. What became of the kitten you had when I was here before?

Little Niece (in surprise). Why, don't you know?

"I haven't heard a word. Was she poisoned?"

"No'm."

"Drowned?"

"Oh, no."

"Stolen?"

"No, indeed."

"Hurt in any way?"

"No'm."

"Well, I can't guess. What became of her?"

"She grewed into a cat."

SUPPLEMENT
OF
ORIGINAL RECITATIONS
BY
WM. H. HEAD

At the beginning of the Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893 the guards were mostly young college boys, untrained and inexperienced in police duty and the handling of crowds. To add to their discomfiture the authorities adopted a strict military discipline and attitude toward the public. The guards were given orders from which they were under no circumstances allowed to vary, thus being deprived of that power of exercising good individual judgment which is the criterion of a good policeman but the ruination of a good soldier, they were compelled to act constantly in what seemed to the public an arbitrary manner and thus made themselves cordially despised by the Fair patrons. Later the authorities saw the folly of trying to run the police force under arbitrary military discipline and modified their order, giving more power of individual judgment, and the Columbian Guard redeemed itself of some of the odium of the early days of the Fair. The author was a guard for the whole period.

During the Exposition, the papers were full of the many laughable mistakes made by the unsophisticated public. This selection illustrates some of them. One of the most inquired for places was the Midway Plaisance, and the average guard got so tired answering this inquiry that he adopted a rapid, listless, unintelligible stereotyped way of answering. Almost every inquirer was sure to wind up with the question, "Where is the Midway?" The "play" of the selection is on these incidents.

TRIALS OF A COLUMBIAN GUARD.

WM. H. HEAD.

It was on the first day of May in the bright and glorious, dark and notorious year of our Lord 1893, that, having received the required scratch* upon the left arm and a little poison injected into it, arrayed in brilliant, bright new uniform, a future Columbian guard was produced, ready for duty; ready to be flattered and abused, beloved and hated by the feminine sex, lauded to the skies and cursed to the lowest depths of Mother Earth by the obliging and fascinating public. He felt quite as large as one of the big trees he had lately seen in the Horticultural building. He was first placed in an obscure, out-of-the-way room in the Art Gallery, until he should learn the "lay of the land." Night after night, after duty, did he labor over the grounds of the great Exposition, until he felt he had a miniature map of the whole concern reproduced within his brain—if, indeed, he had any; as some have contended the guards had not,—and could find the most minute object with his eyes shut.

In a few days, after suffering two or three severe examinations as to his general knowledge, etc., he was ushered out into public view and declared a full-fledged officer of the law. At about the same time, his arm began to assure him that, even if his head should swell a little at the importance of his position, it could very easily keep pace.

He was standing in front of a large bronze statue of Washington and La Fayette.

"That is a very fine statue of Columbus and the Indian, is it not?" said a middle-aged man, as he gazed at the beautiful piece of work.

"Yes; very good," with a smile.

The man worked around to the guard's left side.

"Excuse me," he said, laying his hand upon the guard's arm, as he turned to move away, "but could you tell me where Midway Plaisance is?"

* All guards were required to be vaccinated.

The young guard drew his arm tenderly away. "Excuse me, but I've been vaccinated," and then gave the required information.

"Go out this door, turn to your right to the next street, turn to your left, go two and one-half blocks south, and the first entrance on your right is Midway," he said in rapid tones.

"Oh yes—ah—thank you."

A round of his post was made. Again he paused before the statue. A young negro couple stood before it.

"Ob cou'se dat Grant an' Lee; 'tain't no one else," said he.

" 'Tain't nuffin' 'v de kin'. Grant an' Lee didn' weah no shawt pants."

"Dat so: yes dey did. Dey weh in de woods an' swamps so long dey shrunk all up, an' dey didn' hab no money noh no place to buy new ones, so dey jes' sewed buckles on, so's dey'd 'peah like shawt pants. Don' tole me I don' know dem men. Say gawd!" as he touched that official on the left arm, "can you tole me wheh Centah Place am?"

"Don't touch my arm, please. *I've been vaccinated.* What Center Place?"

"Oh, dat Centah Place. I don' know. I hewd about it. I guess it's some place dat's in de middle. Wheh dat Furs wheel am."

"Oh, you mean Midway Plaisance."

"Dat's it! Dat's it! De Midway Place. I tole you, Mirandy, dey was a middle t'ing in it."

"Go through these two rooms, turn to your right, through two rooms, turn to your left, down the steps, to your left two blocks and a half; first entrance on your right," was the answer, as the guard tenderly nursed his arm.

"All right. Go six rooms dis away, seben rooms dat away, down flight of staih's to de fust entrance, den two blocks—come on, Mirandy, I guess we don't want to go dere to-day; we'd raddeh look at de pictahs."

As the guard passed on he heard, before a large picture of the landing of Columbus, the three caravels at a dis-

tance, the sun just setting, and the Spaniards trying to land their boat upon a rocky coast, a German say:

"Dot's Vashington grossin' dot Delavare. Dot vos de dimes ven he vas gross offer und lick dem German soldiers. I pet, py George, he don'd vos could lick me. Dot's a purty fine picture of George," pointing to the figure of Columbus standing up in the boat. "Oh, here vos von of dose din soldiers! Say, guart! vere is dot Middle Blesence?" as he rushed after the guard and catching him by the left arm whirled him around two or three times.

"Confound it, man, leave my arm alone! I'VE BEEN VACCINATED! What do you want?"

"I pegs your bardon. Dot Middle Blesence."

"Middle Blesence, what do you mean?"

"Oh, you know dot blace, ver dey—ver dey—oh, dot blace—dot Middle Blesence, ver dey sell peer un haf dem vimmen vot viggie rount like some snakes. You know dot blace."

"Oh, you mean Midway Plaisance."

"Dot's it! dot's it! I knowed it vos somedings like dot."

"Out this way, turn to your right, then to your left, two and one-half blocks south, first entrance on your right is Midway."

"All ride. I dink—veel—look—at some pictures first, hey Shake," and the guard heard, as he turned away, "Dem plam't guarts dink dey own de eard und don'd know nuddings. Shust see how he sass me begause I douch his arm a liddle. Py gracious! dot make me mat."

The guard received a required leave of absence for a few moments to fix up his arm, and when he returned was placed in another part of the building. In one of the rooms on his post was a beautiful statue of Italian marble of an Indian maiden representing America. The looks, form, and distinguishing features of a woman were quite as plainly present as in one of our modern charity balls.

"I begga ze pardone," said a polite Frenchman, who was going the rounds of the gallery with his hat in his hand, as is the custom of his countrymen, "but tell me,

Mistair Officair, ez zat ze Georga Washington?" and he tapped the guard on the left arm with his stiff hat.

The guard's arm was pretty badly lacerated by this time, and it required but little to set in motion vibrating beats within; he, however, by biting his lip until it almost bled, and refraining from answering immediately, managed to prevent himself from striking the polite Frenchman. "Please don't touch my arm. I've been vaccinated," he said firmly and in tones that could not be mistaken.

"Oh, I begga ze pardone, Monsieur Officair, but tell me, pleza, where est ze Plaza Plazong?"

"The what?"

"Ze Plaza Plazong—ze nica Plaza—ze beautiful Plaza."

"Oh, you mean the government plaza."

No—no—no! ze Plazong!—ver iz ze girla—ze graceful girla—ze danzing girla—"

"Oh, you mean Midway Plaisance."

"Oui, ze Plaza Plazong!"

"Out this door to the first street, turn to your left, then right, two and one-half blocks south, first entrance on your right."

"Ze right, vich est ze right? Firza entranze out ze door—right on ze block. Thang ze. I see—ze pictair firza."

The cold sweat stood upon the guard's brow.

"Excuse me, guard, but is that air Kerlumbus?" asked a strong, masculine-looking woman, as she struck him on the left arm with her blue parasol.

"Oh—no, madam, that's—Americ—oh!—arm! madam! Out this door to the first street, turn to your—Great Scott!—right, two blocks south, first—ouch—entrance on your right—arm—is vaccinated—Midway."

"I'll not go out that door! I've as much right in here as you have, an' I'm not agoin' to be vac'nated, either, 'cause Mrs. Pettibone's sister's brother's wife nearly died of blood pison onc't from bein' scraped on the arm; an' you're a crazy old fool, an' don't know nothin'. So now!" With that she hurried away to her friend in the next room, and grabbing her by the arm, as she bit off a piece of cinnamon bark, hurried her outside, saying that "there was a crazy guard in there that had ordered her to be vaccinated."

The guard passed on resignedly, but it was noticeable that his hair was turning gray. Ere long he had gone his rounds and was back again in that self-same place.

"Say, pard," said a big country fellow, "hain't that ere a fine staty of Ady!* I've ben tryin' tew find that ere staty fer a long time, but this ere's the fust time I cum acrost it. But say, that don't look like it was made 'v silver,—do it? I declar' ef it do. But say, ole feller," as he slapped the guard familiarly on the left arm, "where is that middle buildin'?"

"I'll show you where it is, confound you! I'll teach you how to hit my arm like that! I've been vaccinated!" and, forgetting himself and all patience, as well as the teachings his mother and Sunday-school teacher used to give,—of turning the right cheek, etc., etc., the guard struck out from the shoulder and knocked the fellow down. But he immediately arose, a great, strapping, big fellow, and went for that guard:

"I'll learn you, you liver-lipped, yaller young cur, tew treat a feller what's bein' friendly like that! Bet I've licked the bigges' skule-marster in our deestrikt, an' I guess I kin you," and if the guard had not blown his whistle for help at that moment, there is no telling what would have been left of him. As it was, the farmer was carted off to the service building and turned loose on the outside of the fence.†

When the guard was able to be around, he immediately sent in his resignation; was charged five dollars for the

* Ada Rehan.

† At this point this has been given with great success as follows:

For the next three weeks, during which time the guard was confined to his bed, in his unconscious moments the watchers would often hear him utter some such words and go through some such motions as these: "Out this door; turn to the right; two and one-half blocks south is Midway."

During the utterance of these words the hand should clasp the left arm, and face, head, and body go through a series of pronounced pantomimic action. With all the agents of human expression, portraying pain, anger and excitement, a grand climax for ending can be reached, that, in its rendition by the author, has never failed to convulse the house.

wear and *tear* of the uniform for one week; four dollars for sword broken; twenty-five cents for lost patrol key; the same for broken star and crossbow; and was severely reprimanded for LOSING HIS PATIENCE. The next day he received a letter from home saying that a rich uncle had died and left him a fortune; and for the rest of the summer, although his arm troubled him still for some time to come, he enjoyed the Fair and lacerated the Columbian guards like the rest of the public.

A QUESTION.

WM. H. HEAD.

[Written after the death of a friend.]

Oh, why do the waves so ceaselessly roll;
Oh why do they break in wild ruthless glee;
The demons of darkness strive for my soul,
And all seem the blackest and darkest of gloom?
Have I turned against God;
Have I wandered away?
Have all my fond hopes been laid in the tomb?

'Mid night of despair I have turned unto Him,
The wail of my heart seems lost to His ear;
The candle of Faith grows continually dim,
As the echo of prayer 'lone comes back to me.
Have I turned against God;
Have I wandered away?
No answer comes back o'er the wide rolling sea.

Sad, sad is my heart, bowed down is my soul,
At return of that grief of a twelve-month ago.
My whole life is burdened; and ever the roll
Of an agnostic sea, loud falls on my ear.
Have I turned against God;
Have I wandered away,
That thus flows the stream of doubts and of fears?

If He be my God why does He not hear?

Why not strike the chains from my manacled soul?
Why not brighten the life that seems to me drear,
And comfort and heal a sad broken heart?
Have I turned against God;
Have I wandered away,
That Jehovah and I seem strangely apart?

I've turned not away tho' scourged by His hand,
Tho' deep sank the shafts of grief that I've borne;
With quivering heart I've striven to stand
On the Rock of her faith, like sand unto me.
Shall I turn against God;
Shall I wander away?
For my faith seems now broken, like wrecks of the sea.

Is He the great Love that lovest us still,
To snatch from our midst a spring blooming flower?
Can He be True Love and suffering His will,
And does He delight in the pang that it brings?
Shall I turn against God;
Shall I wander away?
For the song, Hate alone, of Indifference sings.

Can He be above the deii of old,
Of Greek, or of Roman, or Juggernaut god,
To whom bringing gifts of ruby or gold,
They came not with thoughts of love but of fear?
Shall I turn against God;
Shall I wander away?
Is He still Love's fountain as year follows year?

Yes, God, He is Love! I know not the school
In which He shall fit me for heaven above.
I'll trust Him, assured, when His own time is full
His garners shall ope to answer my prayer.
I will turn unto God;
Nor wander away,
Till a new song shall reach Faith's listening ear.

'WAY DOWN IN OLE VIRGINY.

WM. H. HEAD.

A traveler, journeying through the backwoods portion of southern Illinois one day about noon, found himself before an old cabin, seated in front of which, smoking his pipe, was an old negro. The traveler, being desperately hungry and tired, decided to press himself upon the old negro's hospitality. He, however, had always had an especial aversion to children and would do almost anything to escape their noisy prattle. Knowing the usual populous condition of such cabins he inquired if there were any children around, firmly intending if there were, he should ride on to the next habitation rather than to tolerate their presence.

The negro, in response to his inquiry, assured him that he need have no fears on that score, and related the following incident. The traveler went away convinced that children were something more than nuisances, and determined thereafter to cultivate their friendship and learn to love them:

No; git off youh hoss an' stop boss,
Dey haint no chillen heah
Te pestah noh moles' yu,
Peahs like you's kindah queeh
So monstous feahed o' chillen.
I ust te hab one deah,
'Way down in ole Virginy.

Whoa dah! git away dah Cease,
Weah has yu lef' youh breed'n!
I'll hole de hoss, jump off boss,
De dog won't bite. Yu need'n'
Be feahed; dats de way he greet me
When I comed te feed 'im,
'Way down in ole Virginy.

Step in de house an' res' some.
Mirandy 'll git a bite;
'N I'll tell you while yous res'in'—
Heah you kin git a light—
About dat piccanniny
I lubed a pow'ful sight,
'Way down in ole Virginy.

Well, I ust te be a slabe, once,
Long time afoah de wah,
Ob Massy Gawg McClintook—
Treat me mighty good sah—
Gib me heap te eat an' drink—
He ust te run a bah,
'Way down in ole Virginy.

Yes, massy treat me nice, sah—
'N dem times dat ust te be
A dancin' an' a singin'
Comes mosey'n back te me,
Like "coons" go foh de possum,
'Till 't seems again I be
'Way down in ole Virginy.

But den I weh a slabe, sah,
Boun' tu anodeh man,
An' want te be a free one,
So when de Union ban'
Come mauchin' troo de plach, sah,
An d' rebs trow up deh han's
'Way down in ole Virginy,

I tuk my bes' young gal, sah,
Mirandy heah, wid me,
An' settle down an' lib on
De ribbeh neah de sea.
My wife an' me wus happy
As happy as could be
'Way down in ole Virginy.

De good Lawd sen' an angel
 A purty liddle boy,
 To keep us from de lonesome.
 It gib us peace an' joy
 Te see de liddle fellah,
 Jes' like a liddle toy,
 'Way down in ole Virginy.

I liked de tas' ob likeh
 Which massy ust te gib;
 An' felt dat I mus' hab it,
 Oah't peahs I couldn' lib.
 Nebber seemed te git enuff—
 It make me mighty glib,
 'Way down in ole Virginy.

An' when de chile grow bigger,
 He git so pow'ful good
 A mosey'n off to church, sah,
 When ebbeh dat he could;
 An' nebbah drink no co'n juice,
 He say weh debbils' food,
 'Way down in ole Virginy.

I come from town one night, sah,
 A staggehn' troo de mud;
 De Lawd weh open de gates;
 'N de ribbeh weh a flood,
 A roahin' te de sea, while
 De lightnin' peahed like blood,
 'Way down in ole Virginy.

I bolted troo de cabin doah,
 Drunk mad an' cussin' God;
 De liddle boy he meet me;
 Mirandy only nod,
 An' kubber up her face, sah,
 An' weep an' cry so hawd,
 'Way down in ole Virginy.

I say, "Heah boy you drink dis,"
An' pull de bottle out.
"It's good, it's powewful fine—
Heah, what am yu about
A pouhin' out dat likeh,"
Dat's all it weh about,
'Way down in ole Virginy.

I wouldn't heah his preachin';
His pleadin' weh in vain.
I say, "You got to drink dat,
Oah go out in de rain!"
I put 'im out; he wouldn' drink.
I know I weh te blame,
'Way down in ole Virginy.

Mirandy let 'im in, dough,
When I weh soun' asleep,
All wet, an' cole an' cryin';
Peahs like I heahs 'im weep
Jes' as I done dat time when
I wake out from de sleep,
'Way down in ole Virginy.

De doctah wa'n't no good, sah,
De med'cine wouldn' do;
He jes' keep gittin wussah.
His wuds a gittin few,
An' say, "Good bye, mah, daddy,
Yu lubs mah, doesn't yu?"
'Way down in ole Virginy.

An' den he close his eyes like,
An' take a big long breff,
An' say, "I'll not drink, daddy,
Dis am what dey call deff.
Meet me—meet me—in heben—
Meet me— you h-liddle— Jeff."
'Way down in ole Virginy.

Since den I drink no likeh,
Noh sweah, noh do bad tings;
Dat liddle boy I lubed so,
I sometimes tink he bring
A message to me, heah, sah,
Wid songs he usteh sing,
'Way down in ole Virginy.

A BEWILDERED CONDUCTOR.

WM. H. HEAD.

He boarded a car at Thirty-ninth street. He had just been having a jolly good time at the club rooms, and had reached that "non compos mentis" state in which he did not care whether "school kept or not." At the same crossing where he boarded the car, a gentleman of quiet mien and gentle aspect entered and took a seat on the opposite side of the aisle a little further to the front. Whether the plan had been pre-arranged or not it is impossible to say.

The conductor reached the genial looking man first.

"Fares."

A five-cent piece was forth-coming.

Cling, rang the conductor's bell.

"Fares, please," as the conductor passed by the intervening passengers and came to the semi-hilarious gentleman.

"Hey."

"Fares."

"That gentleman over there paid my fare," pointing across the aisle.

"Did you pay this gentleman's fare?"

"Certainly," was the answer.

"Why, no you didn't. You only paid one fare." And the conductor crossed over to him.

By this time the gentleman was busily engaged reading a newspaper.

"Say, you didn't pay but one fare."

Still the gentleman read on.

"Say; I say. You didn't pay that man's fare."

"How's that?" and the gentleman looked up innocently from his paper.

"I say you only paid one fare."

"Yes, sir; I paid the fare."

"Yes, but you didn't pay that man's."

"What man?"

"That gentleman over there."

"I know nothing whatever about that gentleman, sir. I paid the fare."

"There, you see. He says he don't know nothin' about you." And the conductor crossed over to the other side.

By this time the other was drowsily snoring away.

"Hey you!" said the conductor as he shook the slumbering form.

"Whose hay? Well if I'm hay you're grass and mighty green at that."

"Say, no monkeyin' now. I want you to pay your fare."

"Fare, fare. Why, my fare is paid."

"No it haint neither, and I want you to pay it and mighty quick, too."

"That gentleman over there paid my fare. Say, didn't you pay my fare?"

"Certainly. Certainly, sir. I paid your fare."

The conductor looked from one to the other, dumbfounded.

"Well, I declare! some one in this deal is lyin'," he muttered as he again crossed over to the gentleman of quiet aspect. "How about this, now?" he demanded. "One time you say you don't know nothin' about that gentleman and then again you say you paid his fare."

The gentleman was very much interested in watching three boys on the opposite side of the street, trying to tie a tin can to a dog's tail, and the conductor had to kick him to bring him back from his ethereal contemplations.

"Please, sir, I realize my feet were made to walk on, but they were made to answer that purpose for me and not for you."

"Come, now, I don't want no foolin'. Did you pay that man's fare?"

"What man?"

"That man over there."

"That gentleman? I never saw him before in my life."

"You didn't? Well, you didn't pay his fare, then." And the conductor began to froth at the mouth.

"I know nothing about that gentleman, sir."

"Now, you hear that," the conductor cried. And by this time all the passengers were greatly interested and highly amused.

The other passenger was hanging his head out of the window in the vain endeavor to urge on the faltering horses with his cane, when the conductor pounced upon him and hauled him from his pendant position.

"Now look here, this gentleman says he don't know you, and never saw you before in his life. Now, I don't want to fool no longer, but I want you to pay your fare or git off this car."

"What's that? Fare, fare. Yes sir, my fare is paid. That gentleman over there paid my fare. Didn't you pay my fare, sir?"

"Certainly I did. I said I did. I paid your fare."

By this time the conductor was fairly livid with rage. Springing across the aisle at one jump he grabbed the genial gentleman by the coat collar and leaning over him roared, "Now, this thing has gone far enough. You git right off this car. I go over there and ask you if you paid that man's fare and you say 'certainly,' and when I come over here and ask you, you say you don't know nothin' about him. I won't have no more such nonsense. You git right off this car."

The gentleman gazed around from the car window for a moment and then arose and quietly said:

"All right, sir. I understand you put me off this car?"

"You bet I do!"

"Very well. I have arrived at my destination, as this is the street at which I wish to get off. I have your number and shall see that you are spoken of at the office of the

company, and shall sue the company for damages for insulting me and putting me off the car. As I said, I paid the gentleman's fare. I never saw him before in my life, but I saw by his emblem that he belonged to the "Improved Order of Nagsiwafteyufens," and he gave the signal of distress and it is our sworn duty never to ignore that signal. He told me, by means of those signals, that he was penniless and I decided to help him. I paid his fare, as I said. What I did not do was to pay my own, as you were kind and considerate enough not to ask for it, seeming to be so much interested in whether I had paid his fare, than whether I had paid my own. Good day, sir. You will hear from me again."

And the conductor went out on the platform, took off his cash register, and paid a man five dollars to hit him over the head with it.

A TRIAL AT ELOCUTION.

WM. H. HEAD.

[Written for and recited by Mrs. E. A. Talcott, Public Reader.]

Mrs. Luyoffame was studying elocution. She had had the belief impressed upon her that there was contained within that effervescent something called the soul, that lay cramped and stowed away within the limitations of her earthy tabernacle, the power to move this world to pathetic tears, or to convulse it with joyful laughter, at her mere caprice. So she had diligently consulted all the learned doctors and bachelors of elocution; those mighty men who hold this great power within their grasp, like unto the cloud-gathering Jove who thus holdeth the thunderbolts, and had at last selected one as being worthy of imparting to her, or rather of drawing out from the depths of her throbbing heart and from the convolutions of her brain, this great store of power.

She had been studying for the long and extended period of one week and five-sixths, had reached that point

where she might render that beautiful and heavenly "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night," until her hearers would be so stirred that they, one and all, would heartily and sincerely wish and pray that Curfew never might ring again; and as for Casabianca, why, we might almost hear the thunder of the guns, as she proclaimed the startling fact that "the boy stood upon the burning deck."

The time had now arrived when she was to appear upon the platform, in public, for the first time. The event had been set for the next night, at which time, said she to herself, she would mount the platform with slow, steady and majestic step, and reveal to the world the precious jewel that had so long lain undiscovered within her bosom. By dint of diligent and earnest persuasion, the professor had finally convinced her that she would require a *little* practice before her grand debut.

The day opened cold and bleak; the wind was blowing a regular hurricane; the snow was whirled hither and thither, and sifted into every nook and corner. The house in which Mrs. Luvoffame condescended to domicile her ethereal being was a large, old-fashioned mansion that stood back from the street alone, to breast the fury of the wintry blasts; and, under the most favorable circumstances, weird, strange sounds went echoing and re-echoing throughout the halls, and one has but to dwell for a moment within the chambers of imagination to fancy the groans and moans that resounded through it on that wild March morning. The house contained a large attic; and to this Mrs. Luvoffame betook herself on the morning in question. Now, a room had been partitioned off in this same attic for the somnambulistic exercises of the domestic, and Mrs. Luvoffame, desiring to be removed as far as possible from the scornful world, decided to avail herself of the privacy of this room, knowing that the rightful occupant was busy, down three flights of stairs, preparing the morning repast. Upon reaching the door, however, she tried it and found that it would not open to her light-some touch. Thinking it was the force of the wind that prevented a ready response to her efforts, she took hold

of the knob and shook the door with all her might; still, it did not yield; and feeling satisfied, now, that it was locked, and grumbling inwardly at the unusual fear of the girl in keeping it so, she placed her book upon a chair, near the outside of the door, and began her practice:

"All in the wild March morning, I heard the angel's call;
It was when the moon was setting and the dark was over
all;
The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,
And in the wild March morning I heard them call—"

"John Maynard, can you still hold out? Stand by the wheel five minutes yet, and we shall—"

"Ring! ring! grandpa, ring! oh, ring for liberty!"

"Liberty! freedom! Tyranny is dead! Run hence! Proclaim—"

"I am thy father's spirit;
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night;
And for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Cause thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres.
List! list! O, list!"

"And if thou saidst that I'm not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!

* * * * *

And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go?
No! by St. Bride of Bothwell,"

"If there be one among you who dare face me on the bloody sands, let him come,"

"Who dares come out with me in Freedom's name—
For her to live, for her to die?"
A hundred hands flung up reply,
A hundred voices answered,—"

"War! war! war!"

"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light,
The year is dying in the night,
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die."

This was continued, with slight variations, for half an hour; when Mrs. Luvoffame quietly picked up her book, gathered herself together and descended the stairs.

"I don't think," said her husband, "that girl could sleep very much upstairs."

"What girl?" inquired Mrs. Luvoffame.

At this moment, Mary, the hired girl, came rushing in from the kitchen, wringing her hands,—

"Oh, Mrs. Luvoffame! My sister! My poor sister! Shure, and she'll be that schared to dith!"

"Your sister! Why, what about your sister! What is the matter with her?"

"Oh, shure, an' she's oop sthaires. Oi was late a-githin' home last noight, an' so me sister kim hum wid me an' sthayed all noight. Oi towld her she naden't be afther gittin' oop in a hurry, but to git a wae blink of a shlaape; an' she'll be so schared, now, she'll be spachless."

With this they all ascended the stairs again, to discover what effect Mrs. Luvoffame's elocution had had upon Mary's sister. After repeated callings, knockings, and shakings of the door, a feeble voice was heard, asking:

"Is that yez, Mary?"

Being assured it was, she timidly opened the door, and then climbed back into the middle of the bed, where she

sat, pale as a sheet, her teeth chattering like a veritable rattle-box.

"Why, what is the matter?" asked Mrs. Luvoffame.

"Och, shure, an' there be ayther a crazy woman in the house, or ilse the house be hanted. Phy shure, an' didn't Oi wake oop a-hearin' thim a-rattlin' the dhure, till Oi thot they'd bust it aff the hinges, an' whin they found they couldn't git in, ef they didn't sthand out in frint of me dhure about five hours, a-wacking back and foorth, an' a-utterin' sich groans an' thrits Oi thot the ould one wus a cumin' fur me shure, an' a-sayin' sumthin' consarnin' the wild March marnin', an' the trays a-phisperin', an' thin a-yellin' fur a feller to sthand by me whale; an' shure, an' Oi thot to meself, 'they be stalín' me boycickle,' an' Oi wus that mad Oi yelled: 'Git out o' there, ye blackguards! Lave me whale alone! Didn't Oi be afther wurruckin harrud fur that same, an' didn't Oi bate mesilf black and blue a-larnin' the baste to kape in the middle of the strate, an' not be boompín' up ferninst the curbstone an' ivery lamp post it kim acrost?' An' thin Oi got oop an' started to driss meself; but niver a answer did he make, but sid in dape, sipilchral tones, that he wus me daddy's spirit, who had ter be afther chasin' himself around the block in the noight toime, an' afther kapin' all the foires of purgytory a-blazin' in the day toime, an' thin Oi thot it wus me husband cum back afther me, as he said he'd allers do, if I iver thried to git married agin,—an' Oi couldn't deny but phat Oi wus a-lookin' rather swate on Timmy O'Toole, whose oize is that bewitchin' ye'd think ye wus bein' charmed by a snake, an' so Oi says, 'Fer the sake o' the childern, Jimmy, lit me sthay.' But niver a wurrud did he, or she, or it, or phat-iver it wus, say to that, but shouted to the tip o' the vice: 'If ye're not afeard, cum out here on the bloody sands, an' Oi'll fix yez. Cum out here! Oi dare yez to cum out here! And if yez say Oi'm not bether than ye air, an' all o' yer relashions, yez air a liar, an' ye know ye air. For shure, it's War! war! war!' An' thin, phith a-yellin' about the wild bells an' a-ringin' wun fur all its moight, it disapheared as quiet as a tombsthone, an' Oh, Oi'm so glad

yez have cum, fur Oi'm that schared me ribs is batein oop ferninst me chin. Do ye think it wus Jimmy's ghost?"

It was a long time before the girl could be persuaded it was no one but Mrs. Luvoffame practicing elocution; and to this day she could not be hired to spend a night in that house.

Mrs. Luvoffame and her husband, after a long and serious consultation, decided unanimously that elocution was not Mrs. Luvoffame's proper sphere, and so the first public appearance was never given.

A CHINESE VERSION OF JONAH AND THE WHALE.

WM. H. HEAD.

In one of the South Side Chinese Sunday-schools one of the pupils was asked to tell the story of Jonah and the whale, which he did as follows:

One time was man. He makee velly bad luck. Peeple velly muchee bad, velly muchee fight alle time, gettee dlunk, lickee wife, pullee hail, stealee velly muchee money ffrom city clounclee, lide fol nuthn on laiload. Man he name Jonah. He biggee Jonah. Gleast Spilit say to Jonah, pleach to peeple, punchee peeple in eye no gettee bettle." Jonah he no fightee. Gettee in boat, lun away. Velly muchee wind blow, kickee up gleat lumpus, jus' samee like pletty gal in church choir kickee up lumpus. Sailors gettee velly mad, hol' big, glab Jonah by tlousel thlow him in sea. Jonah he no cale, he lun 'way ffrom school when he boy, learn to swim, he swim lound all light. Biggee fish clome 'long, Jonah open him mouth, swallel fish. Plettee soon Jonah feel velly sick, feel muchee big lound middle, he hully up, walkee to shole. Him go see Chinee doctel. Chinee doctel give muchee med'cine velly stlong med'cine. Pletty soon Jonah thlow up evelthing, jus' same like man when he meet highway lobber. Then Jonah he feel all light 'gain, go 'lay, pleach to peeple, makee peeple good. Molal: When Gleast Spilit say fightee, no lun away.

"HE LAUGHED AT FIVE."

WM. H. HEAD.

[A Character Monologue in One Act.]

Oh dear! Oh dear! I declare I don't know what I shall do, I'm the most miserable man on earth. Oh my back! I've just been to see the doctor. Oh, my head! And he has given me some medicine and says—Christopher! That pleurisy of my side has returned—and says that I must take this medicine three times a day. (Reads prescription). Ouch my gout is troublin' me again—and he says that I must laugh every day at five. Oh my! how in creation can I do that? Why, I haint laughed for so long that I believe if I tried it my face would crack, teeth fall out, or something like that. The doctor says—Oh, my pulse don't appear to be very regular. My heart seems just jumpin' clear off its pins now-a-days—that I'm a kind of, a kind of, what is it he calls it? Oh, yes; a chronic grumbler, and that if I would laugh a little and brighten up, I'd get better. But oh, how in creation can a man be pleasant when he has a mother-in-law—weighin' two hundred and fifty pounds in perfect health and two hundred thousand dollars with no other kith or kin to leave it to but Mariah. She thinks Mariah—that's my wife—is the sweetest and most angelic creature on earth. An angel made to order and just sent down from heaven, and the most abused woman this side of Jerusalem. Well, Mariah is kind of nice 'ceptin' when she gets mad because I say her hat don't look just right or that I saw a woman on the street with a dress just like hers and she chases me out of the house with a poker. But then it won't never do to tell her how nice she is, it would make her too conceited. That's all right in courtin' days, but when a man gets married he wants to be more careful about sayin' such things to his wife. Now, I've been married to Mariah nigh on to forty years, and you just bet your bottom dollar she haint got no such sort of nonsense out of me! And why should she. Why should I bother my-

self about such silly nonsense as, "Mariah, I love you better than anyone else," etc. Don't she know it, or else I'd never have married her. Bosh, I haint got time for such nonsense. If she want's money, she comes and gets it and I don't ask no questions, and what more can she want? I've got enough to live on, tho' not enough but what I'd like that two hundred thousand that's comin', and so I'm willin' to give her what she wants and no questions. She went away last week to see her mother and I just got a letter from her yesterday sayin' that she expected to be here this evenin', bringin' her dear mother with her, and I know what that means. We'll have a new boss, hereabouts, for a month or so, for my mother-in-law always takes a hand in our affairs. One day, when she was here last, she said I had been disrespectful to her and if I was as old as Methuselah I was her son, having married her daughter, and she'd correct me as she always did her, so she grabbed me, and then begun a struggle. I fightin' vigorously for my rights and finally I succeeded in forcin' her into a chair and gettin' acrost her lap, succeeded in holding her there for some time despite the vigorous application of her slipper upon my tender flesh.

She says I don't know how to manage economically and so she goes off to the butcher herself and buys steak so tough that John has to sharpen the ax three times a week so as to be able to cut it up and make it fit for the dog to chew, for, of course, none of us ever eat it. We just kinder get the juice out of it and then lay it aside for future references. Whenever I remonstrate with her for buying such stuff, she says, "Why, Johathan, that is economy. I get this one-half a cent cheaper than the other. True it takes a little longer to chew it, but then you can get up an hour or so earlier in the morning you know. And so she expects to be here this evening, and the doctor expects me to laugh at five. Oh, my! I've tried everything under the sun to make me laugh, but it won't work. I went to the minstrels this afternoon to see if I couldn't get something to make me laugh, but I couldn't. One fellow came out and he says, "Well,

there's Old Nigs. That man's the meanest man I ever saw. Oh, but he's mean." "Why," he says, "he's so mean, the other day he and his son-in-law bought a cow on half partnership, and when he got the cow he made his son-in-law feed and water the cow, and he took the milk, claiming that his son-in-law bought the front half and he the back half, and when, one day, the cow got mad and hooked him he sued his son-in-law for being damaged by his part of the cow," and then the people laughed. Well, I didn't see nothin' funny to laugh at. I didn't believe no such nonsense. I don't believe the feller was tellin' the truth. And then another fellow come in and says, "Hello, Jim, have you seen my son around here any place to-day." "No, have you got a son." "Oh, yes! I tell you he's a fine *penman*." "Is that so?" "Yes, I expect him down from Sing Sing to-day."

Well, I saw everybody else laugh and so I tried to laugh a little, but I couldn't do it, and so I just got up and started home. On the way I saw a mule hitched up to a cart and two fellows a punchin' him under the ribs; another feller had a hold of his bridle, and another was pushing behind, but anyway they could fix it they couldn't get that mule to budge. And then I comes up, and says I, "what's the matter, wont he draw?" "Oh, yes," says one of them, "he draws the attention of every old fool that passes this way," and then they all laughed. And then I tried to laugh, and the mule he looked round and saw me and then he commenced to kick and jerk and then started off just as hard as he could tear, and there wasn't nary one of them ere men could ketch him; and when I met them here, a little ways from the house, they come pretty nigh lickin' me for scarin' their mule. Oh, my! Oh, my! It only lacks a few minutes of five and I just can't laugh (tries). And how can I be expected to laugh. A man who has five daughters eatin' up his sum and substance, all of them past the marriageable age and none married and no prospects of marriage. I had a motto up in the parlor that I changed the other day, because I foresaw that if I didn't I would be bankrupt soon. The

motto was, "Learn to say no." I changed it for "Learn to say yes," and if my daughters learn that as well as they did the other I won't have one of them within six months.

It seems to me I've scared up all the desirable young fellers in the country, drove them in here in herds (tries to laugh but fails). Oh, my! I thought if I said that may be I could laugh—yes, in herds, fed them on ice cream and cake, treated them like magnates until I thought it was all fixed, but then my daughters didn't chase off, my mother-in-law scared away. She'd come down here to visit us and every night that fellers come, for about three weeks, she'd sit down in the parlor and entertain them with lectures on woman's rights, sufferage, difference between women of her time and the present, how extravagant women were now days, how much it cost to keep a wife, etc., until the fellers 'd git disgusted and get up and leave, an' then she'd follow 'em to the door, and shake hands with them, ask 'em to call and see her again, and see that they arrived safely at the bottom of the stairs without fallin'. Well, of course, the fellers didn't just like this; they would prefer to hunt their way in the dark sometimes, there bein' little things they would like to pick up now and then on the way,—and pretty soon they'd leave off comin'. She don't see why them young gentlemen left off comin' to see her so sudden, for she is sure she "always treated them cordial." Oh, my! it's gettin' nigh five o'clock. Can't I laugh? Oh let me think of somethin' funny. Stocks have gone up and I'm one thousand five hundred dollars better off than I was this time yesterday, but then I promised to give that amount to that new Methodist institution in Washington. I just hated to, but then my conscience kind o' smit me and I 'lowed I'd credit in heaven for it. But a little while ago, when I was tellin' the minister how I hated to give and told him as how I reckoned to git credit, he said I wouldn't get none if I hated to give so bad, and then I wanted him to give me back my note, but he said if he did that the devil would credit me with that amount, so I just let him keep it. Oh, my! it seems as tho' everything was conspirin'

against me to keep me from enjoyin' myself. I made a clean hundred on a lot of old sanded sugar I sold the other day (tries to laugh but stops suddenly), but then there's my pew rent due, that's just a hundred. One has to keep up appearances you know.

Oh, my! it only lacks just three minutes of five and I can't think of anything to make me laugh. Hello! knock at the door. I'll go and see who it is. Oh, the postman with four letters; wonder who they're from. (Opens and reads). From now on a smile appears upon his face which gradually develops as he reads each successive letter until at last it breaks into a boisterous laugh.

"Dear Mr. Uppastump:

"I've long wooed your daughter Angeline and loved her with an everlasting love. I have asked her the question of all importance and she has referred me to you. Are you willing to receive me into your family?

Yours sincerely,

WM. WILSON."

No, young man, not into mine, but I am willin' Angeline shall be received into yours. His family is well thought of, not very wealthy, but still prosperous. I'll just set down and answer him, "yes," immediately. Angeline's the youngest and best lookin' and she'd have a better show than any of the others, but then if I can't get them married, I will her at least. Let me see what this is.

"My Dear Mr. Uppastump:

"My heart beats within me"—well how would it beat;—without you? "as I write these lines, for they are freighted with the utmost importance. In a word, I love your daughter Julia. I have received her answer to my question, and now write for your sanction. May I have the all fulfilling joy of making her mine?"

Yours very sincerely,

ROBERT HOWARD."

Well now, I declare, if that haint more than I expected! There is another one of them wanted. May I have the all fulfilling joy, etc. You bet you can! Lots of money, a first rate feller, good family! I'll write him to come and get her just as soon as he wants!

"Mr. Uppastump:

"Dear Friend: Your daughter Alice said 'See pa' when I asked her to become my wife. You have known me long enough and well enough so that I need present no credentials. Will you say 'yes' with your daughter?"

Ever yours,

JAMES BRUNSWICK."

James Brunswick wants Alice! Well, if that don't beat all! Been tryin' to fix up a match there for pretty nigh a century, seems to me, but I thought all hope was lost and Alice had settled down upon my hands as an old maid. But I tell you how they're goin'! If it keeps on this way I'll soon be able to laugh! You bet, Jim, you can have her! Let's see what's this one. Looks like Jane's writin'.

"Dear Pa: Jessie and I have married Dick and Tom. We knew you wouldn't care, so when we got up here and found them here we just made up our minds to have it done. We knew you'd like nothing better than such a match, for you liked both of the boys, so we made you think your efforts were all in vain. Will be home in a few days.

Your loving daughters,

JESSIE AND JANE."

Well I declare, the oldest of the family married, and I thought I'd never get them off my hands! Just the fellers, too, richer'n lords, both of them, and fine temperate boys! Went away for the summer and got married. Well! Well! Well! all gone, and all got first rate fellers!

That's good. I feel pretty nigh like laughin', and it only lacks a half a minute of five. Hello! another knock! Telegram (opens and reads).

"Mr. John Uppastump: Your mother-in-law was drowned in Silver Lake at three o'clock P. M. Funeral day after to-morrow. Wife says come if you can."

UNDERTAKER."

Hurrah! hurrah! all my daughters married or engaged;—mother-in-law dead—\$250,000 waiting for me! Five o'clock! Well, I'm cured! I'm cured! for I did "laugh at five."

A METHODIST CAMP MEETING.

WM. H. HEAD.

It was rumored abroad that the presiding elder, on his annual circuit, would be present and perhaps say a few words that day, and so the colored people came for miles around,—old and young, little and great; young picaninies in arms; young broad-shouldered, strapping black fellows; dusky damsels dressed out in their best lawns and gingham; old gray-headed men and women, feeble and on crutches,—they all come flocking to the grounds. On foot and on horseback they came; in vehicles of all sorts; four-wheeled wagons; two-wheeled donkey carts; aye, and three-wheeled, the place of the absent wheel taken by a stout young hickory sapling strapped from the bed in such a manner as to drag upon the ground. All loaded and groaning under its weight of dusky burdens, each conveyance seemed almost to utter a human sigh of relief as it deposited them under the trees around the platform that had been erected for the speaker from the boards of a significantly deserted hen-house on one of the plantations near by.

From the earliest dawn this stream of good people had

been coming. Now the sun had almost reached his meridian; the gossip between the women had all but ceased,—for women will gossip, no matter of what nationality or color,—the young girls had quite exhausted their store of praise and compliment, or disapproval and contempt, for the various young men present; the old negroes had nearly run out of stories of plantation life “afore de wah” and of the many ways and occasions in which they had “fooled de massy,” when some one cried, “de desidin’ eldah,” and immediately all became as silent as a grave. Nothing was heard save the song of the birds overhead, or the tramp of the distant horses around the wagons, as they partook of their noonday meal, and vainly endeavored to wage a war of extermination on the many flies of various size and color. All eyes were turned toward an opening in the forest just beyond the platform.

Presently the presiding elder appeared, accompanied by the exhorter, or, as the negroes call him, the “exhauster,” of the community. And truly, he is often rightly named. The elder was a fine, genial-looking man of some sixty summers; his hair as white as snow, yet his step as lithe and steady as a young man of twenty, and his face bright and glowing with the love that was within his heart. A murmur ran over the assembled multitude as they first beheld him, but immediately it was hushed into a silence of reverence and respect.

The leader conducted him upon the platform, where he seated himself upon the portion of an old stump that had been placed there in lieu of a chair, and then the leader turned to the people:

“Let us sing to de sanctifilation of de Lawd, ‘Rock ob Ages,’” and without further waiting he began:

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee,—”

which was taken up here and there and all around, until the woods rang and re-echoed with the prayerful song. Never, I believe,, since the time the angels sang above

Bethlehem's plain, have such soul-stirring and fervent notes ascended to the eternal throne.

The song was ended. The preacher advanced to the front of the platform, and then came the prayer:

"Oh, Lawd, we praises de foh dis hyer meetin'. We tank de foh all de blessin's we's got—an'—n'—foh all we hain't got, needer. We hain't got many; we hain't got so many as some of dese pour white trash, but den we tanks de all de same. We's glad dat we could come hyer; we uns what could ride on hawses, for de hawses. Mos' ob ouh hawses is pour like de—like de—well, dey's pour, nohow—but we's pow'ful glad dat we had a sack ob cawn to ride on;—dose dat come in wagons, foh de wagons; dem dat was only able fer to git ahole ob two wheels and come in cawts, we tankful foh de man what circumvented dem cawts; and dem what got free wheels, we's glad dat de hawses dat pour and lazy an' wouldn't run 'way nohow an' break de res' ob dem wheels; and dem what come on foot, we's glad dat we didn't hab no cawns, so we'd be dat pestehed we done couldn't pedesternavigate. Lawd, we all has sumfin tew be tankfulocious foh. I knows I'se ole an' no 'count nigger. I'se los' all my teef 'ceptin' two, but, I tole you, Lawd, I'se mighty glad dey comes opposite to one anoder."

He then prayed very earnestly for the blessing on the meeting, while from all around came the loud "Amen!" and "Praise de Lawd!" and then he prayed for the presiding elder:

"Oh, Lawd, bless dis hyer desidin' eldah. Make him pow'ful as de monstous fish in de wateh."

And then he began to be excited at the encouragement he received from the responding congregation.

"Gib him de strenth ob de—ob de turtle dove, an' de meeknes' ob de—ob de—lion. Make him dat pow'ful dat he kin swaller up all de Philisteners—an'—an'—an' if—his mouf don't be big 'nuff, make it bigger foh de concasion."

At this innocent allusion the presiding elder winced a little, for he was proverbial amongst his people as the large-mouthed preacher.

"Oh, Lawd, rough shoe him wid de shod ob preperation! Put a coal ob fiah in him's mouf! Put a wall 'roun' him! Put a wall on de side ob him! Put a wall on de udder side ob him! Put a wall in front ob him! Oh, yes—put a—put—put—a—wall—a wall—in front ob him an' a fiah behine him's back! Doan' let him git lazy, but keep him hus'lin' all de time. We knows dese hyer white folks hain't most ob dem no 'count, nohow, an' mighty pow'ful lazy; but den, let dis hyer desid'in' eldeh wuck, foh 'de Lawd has no respectable pussons,' as de 'Book' say. Keep us till der reservation mawnin', when—when—well, I declar' I done clean ferget de name dat air man what toot de hawn—till dat time when de angel put him's hine leg on de lan' an' him's front leg on de wateh, an' stop all de time-pieces on dis hyer toad-stool."

The prayer was finished, and then came another song.

"Now, bredern an' sistern, we's done been fortunated dis hyer day," said the speaker. "I looks 'roun' an' be-holes 'bout twice de numbeh ob niggehs what comes hyer when I preaches; but den, I hain't mad, I hain't jealous. I knows I got moah ederfication dan de mos' ob you. I knows I kin flusterate de scriptures so mos' ob you kin observate dem. I knows I got moah scrumptous wuds in my ole bal' head dan mos' ob you, an' de blessin' ob de Lawd done got hole ob my head an' my heels an' fetched me to you poah ignent niggehs to larn you what de Lawd say, but, law suz, bredern an' sistern, I hain't got no sich ederfication what some dese white folks hab. Heah, you young niggeh ober dere, you wants quit you makin' faces at me! You done 'member 'bout dat air man 'Lisha done call de bahs ouden de woods tew eat up young fellers, 'case dey done make fun ob him? Laws a' massy! you betteh look out how you treat de profit ob de Lawd."

At this, an ebony-colored youngster, who had been amusing himself by making faces at a young dog lying in front of him, and who had been told, just the preceding Sunday, of this same direful calamity which befell those children of long ago, drew his face around into its proper

sphere, and sank down behind his mammy trembling with consternation.

"An' now we's gwine listen to de great elderficated de-sidin' eldeh. De man what know all 'bout de Book; all about de wuld. He done been to de cullerges an' de ver-sitories, an' de seats ob larnin'. An' dey say he done set in de hies' chair in one dem schools up Norf. We'll now listen to de onionfied gemmen."

The elder took for his text, "God commended His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us."

"I thank the Lord that He did not wait until we were not sinners, for then I fear we never should have known His love," exclaimed he. He then began and told to them the story of Christ. His birth upon the plains of Bethlehem; the grand chorus of the angels; His faultless, persecuted life; His agony in the garden; on Calvary's cross; His forgivingspirit, given expression in the words, "Father, forgive them;" death and resurrection. As he proceeded in the simple narration, his voice trembled, tears began to fill his eyes and roll down his cheeks, as it seemed they must, to keep down the fire of his soul. As he came to the death agonies of the Lamb of God on the tree, his voice broke utterly, and he was forced to pause to recover himself, while from all around could be heard the sobs and cries that went up from a thousand hearts which had been touched by the agonies of their Savior whom they had never recognized. Then there arose, in the midst of that vast assemblage, a great, magnificent specimen of the African negro; tall, broad-shouldered, muscular fellow, who, forty years before, when a child, had been captured by a slaving vessel and brought from his freedom into bondage. He had toiled long and laboriously; had had many masters, and been faithful to them all; but never had he forgotten his boyhood days, or to long for his native land, as he roamed through the boundless forest, listening to the ceaseless chatter of the monkeys or song of the birds, as free as they. The simple story had touched his heart; and as he arose and stepped out into the space that had been

left open for a passage way, great tears coursed down his black, scarred cheeks. He walked straight down to the platform, stepped upon it and up to the presiding elder; then stretching out both hands, he laid them upon the preacher's shoulders. He stood looking him in the face for a few moments, and then fell at his feet, crying, "Praise Jesus, He's mine, He's mine!" He then arose, turned, marched down off the platform, through the crowd, and disappeared in the shadow of the woods.

Many precious souls were brought into the light that day. No more were they, than so many cattle, perhaps, in the eyes of the whites of that region, but precious in the sight of God; and the joy of the angels was as great over "one sinner that repenteth" as if they were the aristocracy of the aristocrats.

"I tell you, brethern," said one of them, "haint it nice to hab de desidin' eldeh heah. Why, he talk to us jes' like we's folks!"

THE PARTING.

WM. H. HEAD.

We parted at last, the Death Angel had come;

We parted. He called, and his call was obeyed.

Long months had she suffered; the call was "come home,"

But how long, oh, how long, seemed the answer delayed.

"Oh, God!" was the cry, "may Thy will be done;"

But the golden chord, love, still held her here fast;

The love of the heart would not let her go home,

And He'd not receive 'till that struggle had passed.

God's own will, at last, reigned in heart, mind and soul,

His spirit had come, grieved no longer away;

Her sweet voice was hushed; we saw her depart

For the Land of the Fair, at the close of the day.

We parted in peace, her soul and mine own,

To the river she led, which I could not cross.

We parted in sadness; we parted in gloom;

But one treasure remains that can never be lost.

When God's honored vessels their duties fulfill,
 Each doing the best their conscience allow,
 He summons them home, their works live on still,
 A comfort and balm to the earth-fevered brow.
 With trueness of heart, devout love for the right,
 Her duty she did, who knew her can say.
 Her smile made her seem an angel of light,
 Her presence turned darkness to light of the day.

While Eternity and Earth, the dark river divides,
 Her soul is in that, I wander in this,
 The reminiscence of Time sends back 'cross the tide
 The heavenly guidance of one that I miss.
 In sunshine or shadow, in good deeds or sin,
 Her compassion and words e'er guided me on;
 And the thought of that soul, till the Kingdom I win,
 Shall lead me, and guide in the path of His Son.

THAT LITTLE GIRL OF MINE.

WM. H. HEAD.

[Recited effectively with musical accompaniment.]

Oft, as sitting in my study,
 I beguile the hours away,
 Many dreamy recollections
 Of the days that have gone by
 Come a-flitting 'cross my mem'ry
 From the lands of olden time,
 But of all the sweetest is
 Of that little girl of mine.

I can see, through misty vapors
 Rising from the vale of youth,
 Visions of a ruddy maiden
 Standing by a boy uncouth.
 Tender glances interchanging,
 As they watch the sheep and kine,

And I recognize the features
Of that little girl of mine.

Them, in fancy's mind I picture,
As they journey on to school,
Joyful as the morning skylark,
Youthful spirits uncontrolled.
Skipping, dancing, 'long the pathway,
Plucking fruit from many a vine,
He the lovely flowers culling
For that little girl of mine.

Passing o'er the oaken threshold,
Separating, in they go.
Passes to her seat the maiden,
As the boys' side murmurs low
At the beauty of her features.
Many a youthful heart will pine
For the love and the affection
Of that little girl of mine.

Midst the busy hum of voices,
Like the humming, busy bee,
Oft he glances shyly toward her;
But the master does not see.
When he sternly calls them forward,
And they stand and toe the line,
Strives he ever for the number
Next that little girl of mine.

Then the curtain rises softly,
And another scene appears.
Happy school days past, forgotten,
Days have lengthened into years.
She, a little maid no longer,
He now shows the lapse of time,
He a man, and she a woman;
Still that little girl of mine.

Of't they wander through the meadows,
Of't they through the forest stroll,
Friends have ripened into lovers;—
Heart to heart, and soul to soul—
See! they wander in the moonlight;
She has said: "I will be thine;"
He has spoken; she has answered;
She, that little girl of mine.

List! the wedding bells are pealing;
Wedding bells with gladsome voice
Speaking forth that he has won her,
He, the lover of her choice.
But I see dark shadows falling,
Ominous rays uncertain shine,
And a tender life is clinging
To that little girl of mine.

Long he lingers at her bedside,
Anticipates her ev'ry thought.
Tenderly he waits upon her,
But his waiting counts for naught.
At the ushering of that other
'Scapes she from the bonds of time,
And the spirit has departed
Of that little girl of mine.

Thus the book of mem'ry opens.
Which recalls the days of yore,
And I see life as it once was,
Ere she trod the golden shore,
Yet I sorrow not unheeded,
Nor uncomforted repine
For I kiss the cradled image
Of that little girl of mine.

DOT NEW SONG.

A Take-off on the rapidity with which the popular song rises and falls in public favor.

Vell, ven I vas a leedle young,
I goes me to der opbra ;
Und dere I hear de finest song,
I dink dot vas so broper.
Ot vas dot "Rose of Soomer Last,"
Ot vas a nice new song ;
I dosn't let dot chances bast
De learnin' of dot song.

I goes me to dot blay again,
Und listen glose dot night ;
Und den, py Shorge ! I learn dot song,
Und sing him mit my night.
I dink dat no one know dot song,
Und feel so pig und fine,
Und dink dot tune so dretful nice
I sing him all der dime.

But purdy soon I hear dot song
A-singin' in der streed ;
Und after vile dot tune be sung
By effry von I meed,
Und so I sing him nod no more ;
Begause I like dot song
Dot all der beoples doesn't know
Und sing der whole day long.

But den I hear again von night
A feller sing von song
Vot say aboud dot soomer dime
Und vlowers vot's mos' gone.
Und ven dot teater ot vos oud,
I goes me to dat man
Und say, "How much you sell dat song
Und deach me ef you gan?"

Und den I bay to him dot brice;
 Dot song he deach to me.
 Und den I goes me home ride quick
 Und feel so full of glee
 I bulls mine vife der bet ride oud
 Und sing to her dot beece.
 She say ef I don'd stob dot noise
 She go und gall der bleece.

But ven I goes oud mit der streed
 I dink I hear dot tune;
 Und den I listen to dot vorts,
 Dot vorts I hear so soon!
 Und ven I see mine frients dot day
 Dey sing dot song, py Sho!
 Und dell aboud dot deares' vlower
 Dot effer dey shall know.

Mit dot I dare mine hair und sigh,
 Und glose mine mout' ride dight
 As dough I neffer hear dot song
 Before in all mine life.
 Der nex' song, "Down McGinty Vent,"
 I hert him at der ball;
 Und nex' day all vos dell aboud
 Him "lookin' oop dot vall."

Den "Annie Rooney" vos sprung oop,—
 A svedd hard mit her beau.
 I dosen't more dan learnt dot tune,
 Dot tune dot vos so slow,
 Undil der air vos filled mit id;
 I feel so mat I gry.
 My brain 'most vilt, I fall me down
 So sick I nearly die.

But den I dink I get von yet
 I sing mit all mine self.
 Und so der "Gomrats" vas gum rount,
 "Annie" lay on der shelf.

I get der wrider of dot song;
I bay him fifty tollar.
So glad I vas none know dot song
I feel shust like I holler.

I goes me droo de alley home,
Der song beneat' mine vest.
Ot vas so dark a man say "Halt!"
Imagine all der rest.
He dook mine money,—I don'd gare—
Mine vatch id go along,—
Gracious gootness! but he dake,
He dake, he dake, dot song.

Und den I dink I nearly die
Ven dole id to der bleece,
Und dey say dot der man vos gaught
Und stard to sing dot biece.
Mit dot I stob mine ears righd tight
Und grap mine vatch und ghain,
Mine money gets und goes away,
'Mos' grazzy mit mine prain.

Ven I gets vel I goes pack east,
To see a man vat sing;
Und get a song dot all don'd know,
Bright as a new golt ring.
Der feller say, "I got von song,"
Ven I say vat I like,
"Dot neffer singed has been before.
I dink id make a strike."

Der song vas, "Tear Dot Boom Away,"
Or somedings sount like dot.
I fifty tollars pay me down—
Get fifty on der spot.
I dakes der drain, I gets 'mos' home,
Der drain go smash, I troo der air,
I goes vay oop. Ven I gum down,
Vat dink you I saw dere?

Dot brakeman, fireman, engineer,
 Und all dot vas a-lifin',
 Vos sit around und sing dot song,
 Us I gum down from heffen.
 Ven I der hospital god oud,
 I neffer saw der like!
 Dot "Boom Avay," it vas der song.
 You bet it make "a strike."

Und den I hat a tream von night;
 I loog for songs no more.
 Mine eyes I shut, I breed my last,
 Sail for dot udder shore.
 I say, "Dot blace I sing new songs,"
 But Beter say, mit rage,
 Below! der songs ve sing oop here
 Vos tousand years of age."

YELLOW AND WHITE.

ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

[Dedicated to Mrs. Dora S. Soper who chose the colors for the class of '95.
 Soper School of Oratory.]

Yellow and white, yellow and white,
 The stars grow pale in the clasp of night,
 The nights fade out as the dawns unfold,
 And the primrose suns her filmy gold.

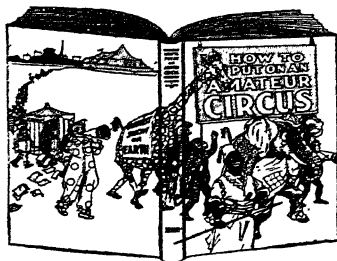
Yellow and white, yellow and white,
 The foam fringe swims on the billows, bright,
 But down in the depths of caverns old
 The yellow amber is lying cold.

Yellow and white, yellow and white,
 A saffron rose and a gray gull's flight,
 A glimpse of beauty—a treasure told—
 Like a string of pearls on a heap of gold.

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